

THE
AMARANTH,
OR 86851
TOKEN OF REMEMBRANCE;
A
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFT
FOR
1853.

EDITED BY
EMILY PERCIVAL.

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY.
1853.

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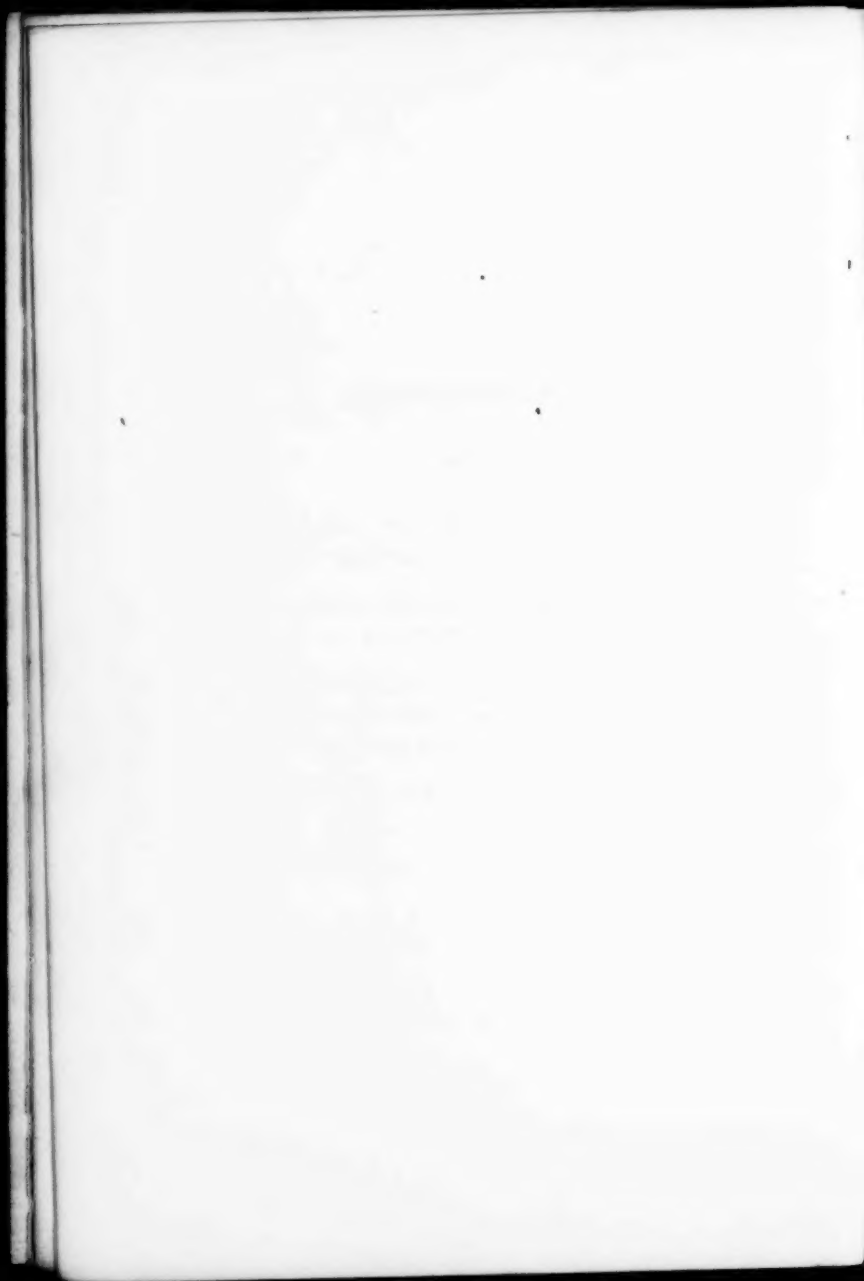
ADVERTISEMENT.

"THE AMARANTH" has already such a wide circle of acquaintance as to render a formal introduction wholly unnecessary.

Its constantly increasing sale, from year to year, has been to the publishers a gratifying indorsement of the literary and mechanical execution of the work.

Although in title and dress the same as heretofore, — yet, in its literary and illustrative departments, it is entirely new, and, it is believed, will be found even more attractive than any one of its predecessors in the series.

Boston, August, 1852.



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THE AMARANTH.

DESDEMONA.

. . . THESE things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and, with a greedy ear,
Devour up my discourse; which I, observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently. I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:

She swore — In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange ;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful ;
She wished she had not heard it ; yet she wished
That Heaven had made her such a man : She thanked
me ;

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake ;
She loved me for the dangers I had passed ;
And I loved her that she did pity them.

THE HEIRESS AND HER WOOERS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"As the diamond excels every jewel we find,
So truth is the one peerless gem of the mind."

A NEW tragedy was about to be brought forth at the Haymarket Theatre. Report spoke loudly of its merits, and report touched closely on the name of its author. Either Talbot or Stratford must have written it; those regular attendants at rehearsal, who seemed equally interested in every situation, equally at home in every point, throughout the piece. Some said that it was a Beaumont and Fletcher concern, in which both parties were equally implicated; and this conjecture did not appear improbable, for the young men in question were indeed united together in bonds of more than ordinary friendship. They had been school-fellows and brother collegians; each was in the enjoyment of an easy independence; and their tastes, pursuits, and ways of living were very similar. So

congenial, indeed, were they in taste, that they had both fixed their preference on the same lady. Adelaide Linley was an accomplished and pretty heiress, who, fortunately for them, was the ward of Mr. Grayson, an eminent solicitor, with whom they had recently renewed an early acquaintance. Rivalry, however, failed of its usual effect in their case; it created no dissension between them; indeed, the manner of Adelaide was very far removed from coquetry, and although it was evident that she preferred the friends to the rest of her wooers, she showed to neither of them evidence of any feeling beyond those of friendship and good will.

The night of the tragedy arrived. Mr. and Mrs. Grayson, their ward, and two or three of her "wooters" were in attendance before the rising of the curtain; they were just as ignorant as other people touching the precise identity of the dramatist about to encounter the awful fiat of the public. Talbot and Stratford were sheltered in the deep recesses of a private box; had they been in a public one, nobody could have doubted which was the hero of the evening. Talbot's flushed cheek, eager eye, and nervous restlessness plainly indicated that the tragedy was not written on the Beaumont and Fletcher plan, but that it owed its existence entirely to himself.

The curtain rose ; the tragedy was admirably performed, and many of the speeches were beautifully written ; but it lacked the indescribable charm of stage effect, so necessary to stage success : the last act was heavy and uninteresting, great disapprobation was expressed, and finally another piece was announced for the succeeding evening.

Adelaide was much concerned ; it mattered nothing to her whether the play was written by Talbot or Stratford : she wished well to each of them, and sympathized in the disappointment of the author. Talbot, who had anticipated stepping forward to the front of the box, and gracefully bowing his acknowledgments to the applauding audience, now found himself under the necessity of making an abrupt exit, muttering invectives on their stupidity ; and Stratford repaired to his own lodgings, aware that Talbot, in the present state of his mind, was unfitted for the society even of his favorite friend. The next morning, Stratford had half finished breakfast when Talbot entered the room. Stratford was about to accost him with a lively remark, that "he hoped the severity of the audience had not spoiled his night's rest ;" but a momentary glance at his friend told him that such a remark would be cruelly sarcastic : it was quite clear that his night's rest *had* been spoiled ; it was quite

clear that what had been "sport" to the public had been death to the dramatist; it was quite clear that the "Russian Brothers," although they had ceased to exist on the stage of the Haymarket Theatre, were still hovering about, like shadowy apparitions, "to plague the inventor"!

"Read these papers," said Talbot, placing four or five newspapers in the hands of Stratford, "and do not wonder that I look and feel miserable at having thus exposed myself to the derision of the world."

Stratford hastily finished a cup of coffee, and pushed away a just broken egg; it seemed quite unfeeling to think of eating and drinking in the presence of so much wretchedness. He turned to the dramatic article of one newspaper after another, expecting to find his friend victimized, slandered, and laughed to scorn; but in reality, as my readers may perhaps be prepared to hear, the critics were very fair, reasonable critics, indeed; and it was only the sensitiveness of the author which had converted them into weapons of offence.

"I am sure," said Stratford, after the scrutiny was concluded, "the dramatic critic of the 'Times' speaks very kindly of you; does not he say that there is much beauty in many of the speeches, only that the drama is unsuited for representation?"

"Exactly so," replied Talbot, dryly; "the only defect he finds in it is, that it is perfectly unsuited for the purpose for which it was written."

"But," persisted Stratford, "he says that he is certain you would succeed better in a second attempt."

"As I shall, most assuredly, never make a second attempt," replied Talbot, "his opinion, or that of any one else on the subject, is of very little importance to me."

"Surely, however," said Stratford, "it is better to receive the commendation of writers of judgment and ability, than the applause of the one shilling gallery. Arbuscula was an actress on the Roman stage, who laughed at the hisses of the populace, while she received the applause of the knights."

Talbot only replied to this anecdote by a muttered exclamation of impatience.

And here let me give a few words of advice to my readers. Whenever you condole with those in trouble, do it in the old-fashioned, cut-and-dried way; it is true that your stock phrases and tedious truisms may cause you to be called a bore, but thousands of highly respectable condoling friends have been called bores before you, and thousands will be called so after you. But if you diverge at all from the beaten track, and attempt to introduce a literary allusion, or venture on

a classical illustration, depend upon it you will be cited ever afterwards as an extremely hard-hearted person, intent alone on displaying your own wit or wisdom, instead of properly entering into the sorrows of your friend.

"The 'Morning Chronicle,'" resumed Stratford, "speaks highly of the scene between the brothers at the end of the second act."

"Yes," replied Talbot, "and the 'Morning Chronicle' winds up its critique by advising me never to write another drama."

"Did you not say just now that you never intended to do so?" asked Stratford.

"How I wish, Stratford," exclaimed Talbot, impetuously, "that I could make you enter into my feelings. How very differently you would think and speak if *you* were the author of a condemned tragedy!"

"I do not consider," said Stratford, "that if such were the case, I should, in any respect, think or speak differently. I should feel far more pleasure in knowing that I had written a work which deserved to be successful, than mortification at the want of good taste in a mixed and misjudging audience, which had caused it to fail of success."

Stratford, having been unfortunate in his previous attempts at consolation, had taken some pains to

devise a prettily-turned speech ; but he little thought how completely successful it would prove ; the countenance of Talbot actually lighted up with pleasure.

"Are you really sincere in what you have said?" he replied. "I have a particular reason for wishing to know ; do not reply to me in a hurry ; take a few minutes for consideration."

Somewhat surprised, Stratford began the course of mental examination prescribed by his friend ; and the result of it was, that although he had only meant to speak civilly, he found that he had been speaking truly ; for Stratford had a great admiration for literary talents, and a great wish to possess them ; he also knew that Adelaide Linley was a warm admirer of dramatic poetry ; he could not doubt that her judgment would lead her to approve of the "Russian Brothers ;" and, in regard to its condemnation, she, like every other intelligent person, must be fully aware that the plays that read best in the closet are often least adapted to the stage.

"I have considered the matter again," said Stratford, after a pause, "and I repeat what I previously said. I should be glad to be the author of the 'Russian Brothers,' even although it has been condemned. But after all, Talbot, how useless is this conversation ! No good wishes on your part, or aspiring

wishes on my own, can make me the author of a drama to which I never contributed an idea or a line."

"Yet," said Talbot, "I do not see why the business might not be arranged to our mutual satisfaction. You wish to be known as the author of this play; I, perhaps foolishly and irritably, repent that I ever wrote it; no one but ourselves is aware which of us is the author: why should you not own it? I will most joyfully give up my claim to you."

Stratford was a little startled at this proposition.

"But should the deception be discovered," he said, "people will allege that, like the jay, I have been strutting in borrowed plumes."

"Not at all," replied Talbot; "your plumes are not borrowed, but are willingly bestowed upon you by the owner; besides, how should any discovery ensue, except from our own disclosures? You, of course, will not wish to disown what you consider it a credit to gain; and for myself, I give you my word, that should the 'Russian Brothers' be destined to attain high celebrity at a future day, I shall never assert my rights of paternity—they are the children of your adoption; but remember, you adopt them for life."

"Willingly," replied Stratford; "and now let us

pay a visit at Mr. Grayson's house. Doubtless the fair Adelaide will be impatient to pour balm into the wounds suffered by one of her adorers ; pity is sometimes akin to love."

"It is more frequently akin to contempt," murmured Talbot, in too low a voice to be heard ; but nevertheless the friends proceeded on their way, talking much less cheerfully, and looking much less contented, than might be supposed, when it is considered that they had recently entered into a compact so satisfactory to both of them. I wish I could say that conscience bore any share in their disquietude, and that each felt grieved and humiliated at the idea that he was violating the sacred purity of truth ; but such was not the case. Either Talbot or Stratford would have shrunk from the idea of telling a falsehood of malignity or dishonesty ; but the polite untruths of convenience or flattery were as "household words" in their vocabulary. A dim foreboding of evil, however, now seemed to overshadow them. Talbot had something of the same sensation which a man may be supposed to have, who has cast off a troublesome child in a fit of irritation. His tragedy had been a source of great disappointment and mortification to him ; but still it was his own ; it had derived existence from him ; he had spent many tedious days

and nights watching over it before he could bring it to perfection; he was not quite happy in the idea that he had forever made over all right and title in it to another. Stratford also was somewhat dispirited; he could not help thinking about a paper in the "Spectator" concerning a "Mountain of Miseries," where Jupiter allowed every one to lay down his own misery, and take up that of another person, each individual in the end being bitterly dissatisfied with the result of the experiment. Stratford had laid down his literary insignificance, and taken up the burden of unsuccessful authorship: should he live to repent it? This in the course of a little time will appear.

Adelaide Linley sat in the drawing room of her guardian, eagerly awaiting a visit from her two favorite admirers. She was not alone, neither was one of her "woosers" with her. Her companion was a quiet-looking young man, whose personal appearance had nothing in it to recommend him to notice, although a physiognomist would have been struck with the good expression of his countenance. His name was Alton, and he was the confidential clerk of her guardian. He had never presumed to address the heiress, save with distant respect; but she valued him for the excellent qualities which had made him a high favorite with Mr. Grayson, and always treated him with

kindness and consideration. On the present occasion, however, she was evidently somewhat out of humor, and accepted the sheet of paper from him, on which he had been transcribing for her some passages from a new poem, with a cold expression of thanks. Alton lingered a moment at the door of the room. "There is peculiar beauty," he said, "in the closing lines of the last passage."

"There is," replied the heiress, carelessly; "but I should scarcely have thought, Mr. Alton, that you would have taken much interest in poetry: why did you not accompany us, last night, to see the new tragedy, although so repeatedly pressed to do so?"

"I had a reason for declining to go, Miss Linley," said Alton.

"Probably you disapprove of dramatic representations," said Adelaide; "in which case, I approve your consistency and conscientiousness in refusing to frequent them."

Alton would have liked to be approved by Adelaide; but he liked to speak the truth still better.

"That was not my reason," he replied; "I do not disapprove of the drama, nor could I expect any thing that was not perfectly excellent and unexceptionable from the reputed authors of the tragedy in question. I had another reason."

"May I beg to know it?" said Adelaide, half in jest and half in earnest.

Alton's cheek became flushed, but he replied, "I am not in the habit of withholding the truth, when expressly asked for it. I never go to public amusements, because I object to the expense."

Alton could scarcely have made any speech that would more have lowered him in Adelaide's estimation. The young can make allowance for "the good old gentlemanly vice" of avarice, in those who have lived so many years in the world that gathering gold appears to them as suitable a pastime for age as that of gathering flowers for childhood; but avarice in youth, like a lock of white hair in the midst of sunny curls, seems sadly out of its place. Adelaide knew that Alton received a liberal stipend from her guardian, and that he had also inherited some property from a cousin; he had not any near relations; he was doubtless hoarding entirely for his own profit; he was a gold worshipper in a small way, accumulating the precious metal by petty economies in London, instead of going out manfully to dig it up by lumps in California. She therefore merely replied, "You are very *prudent*, Mr. Alton," with a marked and meaning intonation of the last word, which converted it into a severe epigram, and took up a book with an air of

such unmistakable coldness, that the discomfited economist was glad to beat a retreat. Adelaide's solitude was soon more agreeably enlivened by the arrival of Talbot and Stratford. Talbot quickly dispelled all embarrassment as to the subject of the tragedy, by playfully saying, "I bring with me an ill-fated author, who, I am sure you will agree with me, deserved much better treatment than he has met with."

Hereupon, Adelaide offered words of consolation, and very sweet, kind, and winning words they were; indeed, Stratford deemed them quite sufficient to compensate for the failure of a tragedy; but, then, we must remember that Stratford was not really the author of the "Russian Brothers;" his wounds were only fictitious, and therefore it was no very difficult task to heal them. Possibly, Talbot might have felt a little uneasy at Adelaide's excess of kindness, had he been present during the whole of Stratford's visit; but Talbot had soon made his escape to his club; he had several friends there, who suspected him of having written the tragedy of the preceding night: a few hours ago he had dreaded the idea of meeting them; but now he encountered them with fearless openness, expressing his concern for the failure of Stratford's tragedy, and remarking that "the poor fellow was so terribly cut up about it, that he had advised him to

keep quiet for a few days, and let the affair blow over."

Talbot and Stratford dined together; both were in good spirits: neither of them had yet begun to feel any of the evils of the deceptive course they were pursuing. A week passed, and the sky was no longer so fair and cloudless. Adelaide's pity for Stratford was evidently far more akin to love than contempt; she was an admirer of genius, and was never wearied of talking about the tragedy, which had really made a deep impression upon her. She requested Stratford to let her have the rough copy of it; the request was not so embarrassing as might be supposed, for Stratford had been obliged to ask Talbot to give it to him, that he might be able to answer Adelaide's continual questions as to the conduct of the story and development of the characters: the handwriting of the friends was very similar, and the blotted, interlined manuscript revealed no secrets as to its especial inditer. "Remember," said Adelaide, as she playfully received it, "that I consider this as a gift, not as a loan; it will probably be introduced into various circles."

Talbot was present at the time, and felt a pang of inexpressible acuteness at the idea of the offspring of his own brain being paraded in "various circles"

as the production of Stratford. He could not offer any opposition to Adelaide's intentions; but he revenged himself by constant taunting allusions to the mortifications of an unsuccessful dramatist, shunned by the manager, scorned by the performers, and even a subject of sarcastic pity to the scene-shifters.

These speeches hurt and offended Stratford, especially as they were always made in the presence of Captain Nesbitt, another of the "wooters" of the heiress, who shared Talbot's newly-born jealousy of Stratford, and consequently was delighted both to prompt and keep up any line of conversation likely to humiliate him in the presence of his lady love. A short time ago, Talbot and Stratford had been generous and amicable rivals; but they had ceased to walk together in peace from the period when they entered on the crooked paths of dissimulation. When Adelaide had attentively read the manuscript tragedy, she transcribed it in a fair hand; she had already fixed on a destination for it. One of the oldest friends of Adelaide's late father was a fashionable London publisher. Adelaide had kept up frequent intercourse with him, and waited on him with her manuscript, secure of being kindly received, even if he did not grant her request. Fortunately, however, for her, he had been present at the representation of the "Russian

Brothers," and had been extremely struck with the beauty of the dialogue, and he readily agreed to print it. When the proofs were ready, Adelaide, quite sure that she should be giving great pleasure to Stratford, announced to him what she had done.

Stratford nervously started, and gave a hurried, apprehensive glance at Talbot.

"It will be certain to be a favorite with the reading public, will it not?" said Adelaide, addressing Talbot.

"I am sure it will," answered Talbot, with animation, forgetting for the moment every thing but that he was the author of the "Russian Brothers," and that the "Russian Brothers" was going to be printed. "How well the scene will read between the brothers at the end of the second act!"

"It will, indeed, returned Adelaide, with an approving glance at Talbot, whom she had lately suspected of being somewhat envious of the genius of his rival; "really we must try and inspire our friend with a little more confidence. I don't think he is at all aware of his own talents."

"I don't think he is, indeed," said Talbot, with a distant approach to a sneer.

"But my favorite passage," pursued Adelaide, "is the soliloquy of Orloff, in the third act. Will you repeat it, Mr. Stratford?"

Stratford began to repeat it as blunderingly and monotonously as he had been wont to repeat "My name is Norval," in his schoolboy days; but Talbot quickly took possession of it, and recited it with feeling and spirit.

"How strange it is," said Adelaide, "that authors rarely give effect to their own writings! But how beautiful is the sentiment of that speech — more beautiful, I think, every time one hears it. How did you feel, Mr. Stratford, when you wrote those lines?"

Stratford declared, with sincerity, that he had not the slightest recollection how he felt; and Adelaide asked Talbot to repeat another speech, and praised his memory and feeling, in return for which he praised her good taste. Poor Talbot! he was somewhat in the position of the hero of a German tale: a kind of metempsychosis seemed to have taken place in relation to himself and his friend, and he did not know whether to be delighted that his tragedy should be admired, or angry that it should be admired as the composition of Stratford. All contradictory feelings, however, merged into unmistakable resentment and discontent when the tragedy was published: it became decidedly popular; the Reviews accorded wonderfully in their commendation of it, and the first edition was

speedily sold off. Stratford's name was not prefixed to it, at his own especial request; he did not want to plunge deeper into the mazes of falsehood than he had already done. But Talbot had proclaimed with such unwearied perseverance that Stratford was the author of the condemned tragedy, that his name on the title page would have been quite an unnecessary identification. Poor Talbot! he certainly had much to try his patience at present. Stratford received abundance of invitations, in virtue of his successful authorship; he went to many parties in the character of a lion, where he was treated with much solemn reverence, and his most commonplace remark was evidently treasured as the quintessence of wit and judgment. These festivities Talbot did not wish to share. But frequently Stratford was invited to literary, *real* literary parties, where every body in the room was celebrated for doing something better than it is done by people in general; and were any half dozen guests taken at random from the assemblage, they would have sufficed to stud an ordinary party with stars. Here Stratford was introduced to brilliant novelists, exquisite poets, profound scholars, and men of searching science. Here, also, he met with literary women, as gentle and unassuming as they were gifted and celebrated, who wore their laurels with as much

simplicity as if they had been wild flowers; and who, so far from possessing any of the old-fashioned pedantry which has aptly been defined as "intellectual tight lacing," were ready to converse on the most trite and every-day subjects—casting, however, over every subject on which they conversed, the pure and cheering sunshine of genius.

All these new acquaintance of Stratford's were extremely kind and encouraging in their manner towards him, inquiring into his tastes and employments, praising him for that which he had already done, and encouraging him to do more in future. Such society and such conversation would have realized Talbot's earliest aspirations, and he could not willingly cede those privileges to a man who had never written half a dozen lines to deserve them. Yet Talbot was not a vain nor a selfish man: had Stratford been really gifted by nature with superior abilities to his own, he would have been quite satisfied that he should have reaped the harvest of them. But that Stratford should be distinguished at once by the notice of the gifted ones of earth, and by the smiles of Adelaide Linley, and that he might himself have been occupying that doubly enviable position, had he only kept in the simple path of truth,—it was indeed a trial to the nerves and to the temper. At length,

one day, when the rivals were alone, the smouldering fire burst forth.

"I am very much surprised, Stratford," said Talbot, flattering himself that he was speaking in a remarkably cool, self-possessed tone, when in reality his cheeks were flushed with excitement, had his voice trembled with irritation—"I am very much surprised that you can continue from day to day to enjoy literary celebrity to which you must feel that you have not the shadow of a claim."

Stratford did not return an angry answer to his friend; he was on the winning side, and successful people can always afford to be good tempered. "I do not see," he replied, "how I can possibly escape all the marks of kindness and distinction that are shown to me."

"Have you any wish to escape them?" asked Talbot, sneeringly.

"Before you reproach me," said Stratford, "I think you should remember at whose suggestion the deception was first entered into."

"I did not foresee the consequences," said Talbot.

"Pardon me," said Stratford; "the consequences *were* foreseen by both of us. I remarked that I was unwilling to strut, like the jay, in borrowed plumes; and you replied, that if the 'Russian Brothers' attained

the greatest celebrity, you would never assert your rights of paternity."

"You certainly possess an excellent memory," said Talbot, sarcastically, "whatever other mental attributes you may be deficient in. I remember the promise of secrecy to which you allude, but no promise was made on *your* part; therefore, if you are inclined to descend from your usurped position, and give it up to the rightful owner, there is no cause why you should refrain from doing so."

"And can you really," asked Stratford, with surprise, "expect that I should expose myself to the censure and ridicule of society for the purpose of reinstating you in rights which you voluntarily made over to me?"

Talbot paused some time before he replied. "I feel," he said, "that I have expected too much. I rescind my proposal. I will only require you to make known the truth under a strict promise of secrecy to one individual."

"And that individual is Adelaide Linley, I conclude," said Stratford.

"It is," replied Talbot; "let Adelaide but know me as I really am, and I do not heed — at least I will endeavor not to heed — the opinion of the world; besides, Stratford, recollect that, if you marry Adelaide,

she must certainly find out the deception eventually ; she can never believe that the fount of poetry has suddenly dried up within you ; no doubt, indeed, she has already begun to wonder that you have not given vent to 'a woful sonnet made to your mistress's eyebrow.' "

Stratford returned no answer, but the conversation left a deep impression on his mind ; and he felt that it would indeed be the most honest and upright course that he could pursue, to confess the whole truth to Adelaide, and then silently to withdraw himself from the literary society of which he was so little calculated to be a member. Nor was this resolution of Stratford's so great a sacrifice as might be imagined ; he had for some time felt himself very little at ease among his brilliant new associates ; he was aware that he was only "cloth of frieze," although circumstances had for a time matched him with "cloth of gold." He could not respond to the literary quotations and allusions constantly made in his presence. He had heard some wonder expressed that he had no scraps in his portfolio to show confidentially to admiring friends ; and the editor of a leading periodical had kindly suggested to him a subject for a tale in blank verse, which, if written at all in the style of the tragedy, should, he said, receive immediate attention from him. Then, in other circles, young ladies

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had requested contributions for their albums, and Adelaide had more than once expressed her wish to have new words written for some of her favorite old airs.

Stratford, the morning after his conversation with Talbot, sought the presence of Adelaide, resolved that, if his courage did not fail him, he would make a confession of his misdeeds, and an offer of his hand and heart before he left the house. He found Adelaide, as he had wished, alone; she was reading a letter when he entered, and it dropped on the ground as she rose to receive him; he lifted it up, and recognized the hand in which it was written; it was that of Captain Nesbitt, and the letter appeared to be of some length. Stratford felt disposed to be rather jealous; Captain Nesbitt was well connected, remarkably handsome, very lively, and had, like Captain Absolute, "an air of success about him which was mighty provoking."

"Do not let me interrupt your perusal of that letter," he said, rather coldly and stiffly.

"You have doubtless," said Adelaide, with a smile, "seen the handwriting; you do not prevent me from reading the letter—I have just finished it; and, although your visit may cause my answer to it to be delayed a little while longer, the delay is of no manner of importance, since I shall only write a few lines of no very agreeable purport."

"I pity the poor fellow from my heart," exclaimed Stratford, and he spoke with sincerity; he could afford to pity Captain Nesbitt when he knew that Adelaide was about to reject him.

"He does not deserve your pity," said Adelaide.

"Can the gentle and kind-hearted Adelaide express herself so harshly?" asked Stratford, feeling more and more generously inclined towards his rival, when he saw how much he was disdained.

"I must explain myself," said Adelaide; "for I should be very sorry that you (and the delighted lover actually fancied that he detected a slight emphasis on the word *you*) should believe me to be hard-hearted and unkind. Captain Nesbitt has considerably fallen in my estimation during the last few days. I have received abundant proofs that he does not always love and respect the truth."

Stratford began to feel rather nervous; he had a particular dislike to conversation which turned on the subject of love and respect for the truth.

"Captain Nesbitt," continued Adelaide, "when he first became acquainted with me, informed me that, although his present property was but limited, he expected to succeed to the estates of an old and infirm uncle residing in Wales. I was lately in company with a family who happened to live in the immediate

neighborhood of this wealthy old uncle ; he has indeed large estates, but he has two sons in excellent health, to inherit them."

Adelaide here paused, expecting to hear an exclamation of indignant surprise from Stratford ; but it was not uttered. Stratford was by no means troubled with an over-development of conscientiousness, and it appeared to him that Captain Nesbitt had committed a very venial offence in keeping two Welsh cousins in the background, who might have interfered so materially with his interests.

"Doubtless," he at length remarked, "this subterfuge on Captain Nesbitt's part was owing to the excess of his affection for you."

"I doubt it very much," said Adelaide ; "affection is always prone to overrate the good qualities of its object : now Captain Nesbitt must have greatly underrated mine, if he could deem it likely that, possessing as I do an ample sufficiency of the goods of fortune, it could make any difference to me whether the lover of my choice were wealthy or otherwise."

"Could you not in any case deem an untruth excusable ?" asked Stratford.

"In none," replied Adelaide ; "but there are cases in which I deem it particularly inexcusable : the falsehoods of pride or vanity,—the assumption of being

better, or richer, or wiser than we really are,—these are, in my opinion, as contemptible as they are reprehensible.”

“Men of the world,” pursued Stratford, “are apt to think very little of an occasional deviation from truth.”

“Pardon me,” said Adelaide, “if I entirely differ from you. Should one man of the world tax another with the violation of truth in homely, downright phrase, what is the consequence? The insult is considered so unbearable, that in many cases the offender has even been called on to expiate his words with his life. Now, if a departure from truth be so mere a trifle, why should not the accusation of having departed from truth be also considered as a trifle?”

Stratford was silent; his shallow sophistry could not contend with Adelaide’s straitforward right-mindedness, and he was rejoiced when the entrance of visitors put an end to the conversation. A *tête-à-tête* with Adelaide had on that morning no charms for him; he lacked nerve for either a confession or a proposal! Perhaps, however, it would have been better for Stratford if he could have summoned courage to have outstaid the visitors, and revealed every thing to Adelaide; for discovery was impending over his head from a quarter where he could not possibly expect it, inasmuch as he was ignorant of the very existence

of the person about to give the information. Every one must have been repeatedly called on to remark, that in society there seems to be a mysterious agency perpetually at work, bearing news from one quarter to another apparently quite unconnected with it. In every class or set we meet with some person who makes us cognizant of the sayings and doings of another class or set, from which we have been hitherto removed at an immeasurable distance. Often the information thus gained is desultory and uninteresting, and it passes away from our mind almost as soon as we receive it; occasionally it strikes upon some connecting chord, and we eagerly listen, and respond to it.

When Adelaide Linley left school, she had, like most young girls, a favorite friend, with whom she kept up a regular correspondence, at the rate of three sheets of rose-colored note paper a week. Emma Penryn, however, lived in Cornwall; and as year after year passed by, and the friends never met, the correspondence decidedly slackened. Still, however, it was never wholly given up, and Adelaide had written to her friend shortly after the introduction of Talbot and Stratford to her, mentioning their names, and speaking of them as likely to prove pleasant and desirable acquaintance. The day after Adelaide's interview with Stratford, a letter arrived for her from

Emma Penryn. She apologized for her long silence, and gave an excellent reason for it; she had been receiving the addresses of a very desirable admirer, who had at length proposed, and been accepted; he was a Cornish man, and his property lay within a few miles of that of her father. After entering into numerous details regarding the carriage, the *trousseau*, and the marriage settlement, (young ladies in the nineteenth century are very apt to talk and write about the marriage settlement,) the bride elect continued:—

“I am quite sure you will hear an excellent character of my dear Trebeck, if you mention his name to Mr. Talbot; only think of their being great friends: indeed, Mr. Talbot was quite confidential with Trebeck a year ago, when staying with him in the country house of a mutual friend, and actually was so kind as to read to him the beautiful tragedy of the ‘Russian Brothers,’ to which he had just put the finishing stroke. Mr. Talbot did not let any one else know a word about it, and in fact extracted a promise of the strictest secrecy from Trebeck; the reason was, that he meant to produce the tragedy on the stage, and had a terrible nervous fear of failure—a fear which was unfortunately realized by the event; I suppose because it was too good for the audience to understand. Trebeck kept the secret most admirably.

never breathing a word of it even to me, till the brilliant success of the published play of course took off the embargo of silence, and now we tell it to every body; and Trebeck, I assure you, is not a little proud of the confidence reposed in him by his literary friend."

Adelaide read this part of the letter with incredulous surprise, imagining that Emma was under some misapprehension; but when she came to reflect on past events, she could not but see that it was very likely to be true; she had several times been much struck with the inconsistency of Stratford's conversation and his reputed literary talents, and had felt surprised that he should so invariably have resisted all persuasion, even from herself, to give any further proof of his poetical abilities. It might seem astonishing that Talbot should so freely have acquiesced in this usurpation; but Emma's letter threw light on the subject, by alluding to Talbot's nervous horror of failure, and Adelaide's quick apprehension soon enabled her to see the real state of the case, and to become sorrowfully convinced that Captain Nesbitt was not the only one of her "woosers" who had shown himself regardless of the sacred laws of truth.

Reluctantly, but steadily, did the young heiress prepare herself to act as she considered for the best

under the circumstances. She wrote to Talbot and to Stratford, requesting that they would each wait upon her at the same time on the following day. Neither of them suspected the reason of this summons; Talbot had indeed almost forgotten the existence of the silly, good-natured Trebeck; he had read the "Russian Brothers" to him, because, like most writers, he felt the wish, immediately after completing a work, to obtain a hearer for it; and because, like *some* writers, he had a great deal of vanity, and had been flattered by the deferential admiration of a man much inferior to him, and from whom he need not fear any distasteful criticism. Talbot knew Trebeck to be perfectly honorable, and if he had ever thought of him at all, he would have remembered the promise of secrecy he had exacted from him, and would have felt quite at ease. It never entered his mind that circumstances might happen which would induce Trebeck to consider himself absolved from his promise, and that, as the "Russian Brothers" had been published without a name, it was perfectly natural and probable that the Cornish squire might be ignorant that the London world of letters imputed the authorship of it to Stratford, and not to Talbot. The rivals were punctual to their appointment, anticipating nothing more important than that they should be

invited to join a party to a flower show or the opera house. Adelaide did not keep them in suspense, but said that she wished to read to them part of a letter which she had recently received. When she had finished, she told them that she had considered it right to make them acquainted with this statement, and asked if they had any thing to say in refutation of it. They looked confused, and were silent. Stratford was the first to speak. "Forgive me for my seeming assumption of talents not my own," he said; "and remember that my motive was to save a friend from the mortification of acknowledging a defeat."

"I cannot conceive that such was your only motive," replied Adelaide: "you evidently took pride and pleasure in your new character. Did you attempt to suspend the publication of the drama? Did you shrink from the distinctions that followed it? No; you courted popularity, and enjoyed it, knowing all the time that you had done nothing to merit it, and that the whole of the applause that you received was in reality the right of your friend!"

Adelaide's words sounded a knell to the hopes of Stratford, but they seemed "merry as a marriage bell" to the eager ears of Talbot. "Dearest Adelaide," he said, "how kindly, how gratifyingly do you speak of my talents! They are entirely dedicated to

you: all the laurels that they may hereafter gain for me shall be laid at your feet!"

"Do not trouble yourself to be so very grateful, Mr. Talbot," replied Adelaide. "You will be little obliged to me when you have listened to all that I have to say to you. Your talents are undoubtedly great, but I do not consider that vividness of imagination and elegance of composition constitute a man of really fine mind, any more than a suit of regimentals and an acquaintance with military tactics constitute a brave soldier. I may continue the parallel. You entered the field of battle by your own choice, knowing that it was possible you might meet with defeat. Your first defeat came, and what was the course you pursued? Did you resolve to try again with added vigor? No, you determined to conceal that you had tried at all; you deserted the noble ranks to which you belonged, to sink into the mass of commonplace beings; and should your conduct ever become generally known, rely upon it that all literary men who sit in judgment upon you will unanimously sentence you to be cashiered for cowardice."

Stratford breathed a little more freely during this speech: it was a great relief to his feelings to hear his friend so severely reproved.

"I will not," pursued Adelaide, "dwell upon the

offence that you have mutually committed in departing from the straight, clear, and beautiful path of truth; you well know my opinion on the subject. I could never feel happy in a near connection, or even in an intimate friendship, with any one who did not know and revere truth as I have always done. I shall, probably, occasionally meet again with both of you; but we must meet hereafter only on the footing of common acquaintance."

The disconcerted "wookers," now no longer rivals, took a speedy departure: they exchanged a few sentences on their way, in which there was much more of recrimination than of condolence, and then coldly separated. Their friendship had long been at an end, and in the midst of all their recent mortifications, each felt consoled at the thought that he was not compelled to cede Adelaide to the other.

It was easy for Adelaide to avoid future intimacy with her two rejected lovers, without causing any remark among her circle of acquaintance.

It was now nearly the end of June. Mr. Grayson was quite a man of the old school: he did not stay in London till the middle of August, and then repair to Kissengen or Interlachen. He had a pretty country house a few miles from London, and always removed to it at midsummer. Mrs. Grayson, who

enjoyed nothing so much as her flower garden, was delighted to escape from the brown, dusty trees of a London square; and Adelaide, although she liked public amusements, liked them as "soberly" as Lady Grace in the "Provoked Husband," and always professed herself ready to rusticate as soon as the roses were in bloom. Three days after her interview with Talbot and Stratford, she removed from the bustle of London to a region of flowers, green trees, and singing birds. The former friends—now, alas! friends no longer—travelled abroad. They had each studiously contrived to depart on a different day, and to visit a different point of the continent; but they happened accidentally to meet on a mountain in Switzerland. They passed each other merely with the remarks that "the scenery was very grand," and that "the panorama of the Lake of Thun, at the Colosseum, had given one a capital idea of it."

Stratford returned to London in January: Captain Nesbitt was the first person of his acquaintance whom he encountered. Now Captain Nesbitt possessed an infallible characteristic of a narrow-minded, mean-spirited man: he never forgave a woman who had refused him, and never omitted an opportunity of speaking ill of her. After having anathematized Adelaide and her coquetries for some time, he proceeded: "Her marriage,

however, will shortly take place, and it is, I think, a fitting conclusion to her airs and graces. Perhaps, as you have only just arrived in England, you are not aware that she is engaged to her guardian's clerk."

"To Alton!" exclaimed Stratford—"to that quiet, dull young man! Impossible! She used to ridicule his unsocial habits, and also was very severe on his propensity for hoarding money."

"However that might be," replied Captain Nesbitt, "he has proved himself not too dull to devise and succeed in an admirable matrimonial speculation; and as for his system of hoarding, perhaps the fair Adelaide, although she objected to it in an indifferent person, may not disapprove of it in a husband. Heiresses are always terribly afraid of marrying men who are likely to dissipate their money."

"When is the marriage to take place?" asked Stratford, with affected carelessness.

"I believe in a few weeks," said Captain Nesbitt; "that is, if nothing should happen to prevent it. I think I could set it aside at once, if I took interest enough in Adelaide to make it worth my while to do so. I could communicate to her something respecting Alton which would decidedly lower him in her opinion."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Stratford, eagerly. "Has Alton, then, been guilty of any deviation from the truth?"

Poor Stratford! "He that is giddy thinks the world turns round;" and he had no idea that a lover could offend in any other way than by deviating from the truth.

"I do not know that Alton has told any untruth," said Captain Nesbitt; "but I have reason to think that he has kept back the truth."

"That may do quite as well," thought Stratford, "when one has to deal with so scrupulous a person as Adelaide;" and he requested Captain Nesbitt to explain himself.

"Alton's father," said Captain Nesbitt, "did not resemble the father in an old song of O'Keefe's,—

'Who, dying, bequeathed to his son a good name.'

He was, like his son, a confidential clerk — not, however, to a solicitor, but to a Liverpool merchant. He repaid the confidence of his employer by embezzling sundry sums of money, which he hazarded at the gaming table. At length the frequency of his losses occasioned him to commit a more daring act than a breach of trust: he forged the name of the merchant to a banking-house check: discovery ensued, and he only

escaped the punishment of the law by committing suicide. This event happened five years ago, and is fresh in the remembrance of many persons in Liverpool."

"But do you not think it likely that Alton may have revealed these facts to Adelaide?" asked Stratford.

"I do not think it in the least likely that he should have proved himself such a blockhead!" replied Captain Nesbitt. "Adelaide would never marry the son of a man who only escaped hanging by suicide."

"They do not hang for forgery in these days," said Stratford.

"So much the worse," said Captain Nesbitt. "It is a crime that cannot be too severely punished. I remember hearing that many years ago a man was hanged for forging the ace of spades: I wish those good old times would come back again."

Stratford was silent; not all his pique, nor all his jealousy, could induce him to think that it would be desirable for the times to come back again, when a man was hanged for forging the ace of spades.

The next day Stratford called at Mr. Grayson's, and found Adelaide alone in the drawing room. She looked a little surprised at seeing him, but received him as she would have done a common acquaintance. Stratford congratulated her on her future prospects,

and uttered some forced commendations on the excellence of Alton's character. "He affords a convincing proof," he said, with a little trepidation, "that the son of an unworthy father need not necessarily tread in his steps."

"There are so many similar instances of that fact," said Adelaide, "that I think there is nothing astonishing in them. The good or bad qualities of a father are not, like landed estates, entailed upon his son."

"Then you *do* know," said Stratford, "that Alton's father was an unworthy man?"

Adelaide looked at him with grave, earnest surprise. "You have chosen a strange subject of conversation," she said; "but I have no objection to satisfy your curiosity. I heard of the circumstance to which you allude from Alton himself."

"I conclude," said Stratford, "that Mr. Grayson insisted on his being candid with you, previous to your engagement being concluded?"

"You are quite in the wrong," returned Adelaide. "Mr. Grayson is much attached to Alton, (whom he is on the point of taking into partnership,) and was very desirous that he should propose to me. He enjoined him to keep secret the melancholy circumstances connected with his father, as they could only tend to give me uneasiness; and it was quite certain

that no one else would be so deficient in kind feeling as to mention them to me." Stratford felt rather embarrassed and uncomfortable as Adelaide uttered these words. "Alton's strict and honorable love of truth, however," pursued Adelaide, "led him to disregard this counsel. Some weeks before he proposed to me, he made known to me every particular of his father's transgression; and I assured him, in reply, that I did not consider him in the smallest degree lowered in excellence by having become good, conscientious, and truthful, without the aid of parental precept or example."

Stratford was determined to discharge a parting arrow at the provoking heiress. "You have shown yourself extremely liberal in your opinions," he said; "and you have the very comforting reflection that, from Mr. Alton's known and remarkable habits of frugality, he is never likely to fall into the same snares that proved fatal to his father, but will distinguish himself rather by saving money than by squandering it."

"As you appear," said Adelaide, "to speak in rather an ironical tone concerning Alton's economy, I think it due to him to enter into a short explanation of his motives. When Alton first paid me those

marked attentions which I knew must lead to a proposal, I sometimes rallied him on his strict frugality, and sometimes gently reproved him for it: he was not only sparing to himself, but I felt grieved to remark that, although ever willing to devote time and thought to the poor, he rarely assisted them with money. He assured me that he had a reason for his conduct, and that he was certain that I should not blame him if I knew it. He added that the necessity for economy would soon cease, and that he should then have the pleasure of indulging his natural feelings of liberality. I was not satisfied with this reply. I required him to give a direct answer to a direct question, and to tell me what were his motives for saving, and why they should exist at one time more than another."

"It was very merciless of you," said Stratford.

"Not in the least," replied Adelaide. "Alton had given me such proofs of his truthful and honorable nature, that I knew, if he held back any communication from me, he could only do so because it was creditable to him, and because he wished to avoid the appearance of boasting of his own good deeds: and so it indeed proved to be. Alton had for five years been denying himself every enjoyment suitable to his

age and tastes, for the purpose of saving the sum of money of which his father had defrauded his employer. When he first began this undertaking, it seemed likely to prove a very tedious one; but two years ago, he happily received a legacy from a relation, which more than half realized the amount that he required: still, however, he did not slacken in his laudable energy; and shortly after the conversation to which I have alluded, he was enabled to pay over the whole sum, with the accumulated interest, to the Liverpool merchant, who sent him a letter full of the kindest expressions of approbation, concluding with the assurance that he should make his noble act of atonement generally known among all his friends. Therefore by this time every one who has censured the faults and frailties of the father is engaged in lauding the honor and honesty of the son."

Stratford had heard quite enough; he took a hasty leave, sincerely repenting that he had ever thought of troubling the bride elect with a morning call.

Alton and Adelaide were married in the course of a few weeks: two years have elapsed since that time, and I am of opinion that the unusual happiness they enjoy is greatly to be attributed to the truthfulness which is the decided characteristic of both of them.

I am aware that many of my readers will say that it is of little importance whether a married couple, whose interests necessarily bind them together, should mutually love truth, or mutually agree in sanctioning the thousand and one little falsities of worldly expediency; but I think that those who hold such an opinion cannot have had many opportunities of closely observing the domestic circles of their friends and neighbors. Had they done so, they would have been aware that the beginning of matrimonial unhappiness repeatedly arises from the detection by one party of some slight violation of truth on the part of the other. Often such a violation is committed with no ill intent; nay, often, indeed, is it done with the kind motive of sparing some little trouble or anxiety to the beloved one. A trifling trouble is concealed, a small expense kept in the background, the visit of an intrusive guest unmentioned, or a letter read aloud with the omission of a short part of it, which might be supposed to be unpleasant to the listener. These concealments and misrepresentations, in themselves so seemingly slight, become of terrific account when frequently repeated; confidence is shaken, and when once *that* is the case, conjugal happiness is soon at an end. Adelaide and her husband are on the most confidential terms,

because neither of them ever thinks whether a true remark or communication is agreeable or not; they speak it *because* it is the truth; and if a moment's pain be thus given, the passing cloud breaks almost as soon as it is perceived; no tempests are suffered to gather in the distance, and the heiress constantly congratulates herself that she chose not the handsomest, the cleverest, or the most fashionable, but the most *truthful* of her "wooers." Of these wooers I have but little to say. Captain Nesbitt is on the point of marriage with a middle-aged widow of good fortune; he was successful in impressing her with the belief that he must ultimately inherit his uncle's property; but she was more cautious than ladies of fewer years and less experience might have been, and made so many inquiries about the state of health of the old gentleman, that his nephew was obliged to improvise an apoplectic fit for him! This intelligence caused the widow to fix the day, but she is providing a very limited *trousseau*, since she anticipates the "melancholy pleasure" of giving large orders in the course of a few weeks at one of the "mansions of grief" in Regent Street.

Talbot and Stratford seldom meet: indeed, if one becomes introduced into a family, the other almost

invariably ceases to visit there. However, there are two points in which they show great sympathy and congeniality of mind. They particularly dislike to hear of the failure of a new piece at the theatre; and there is no work for which they feel such unmitigated detestation as one which still engrosses much of the public notice—the tragedy of the “Russian Brothers.”

SUNSHINE.

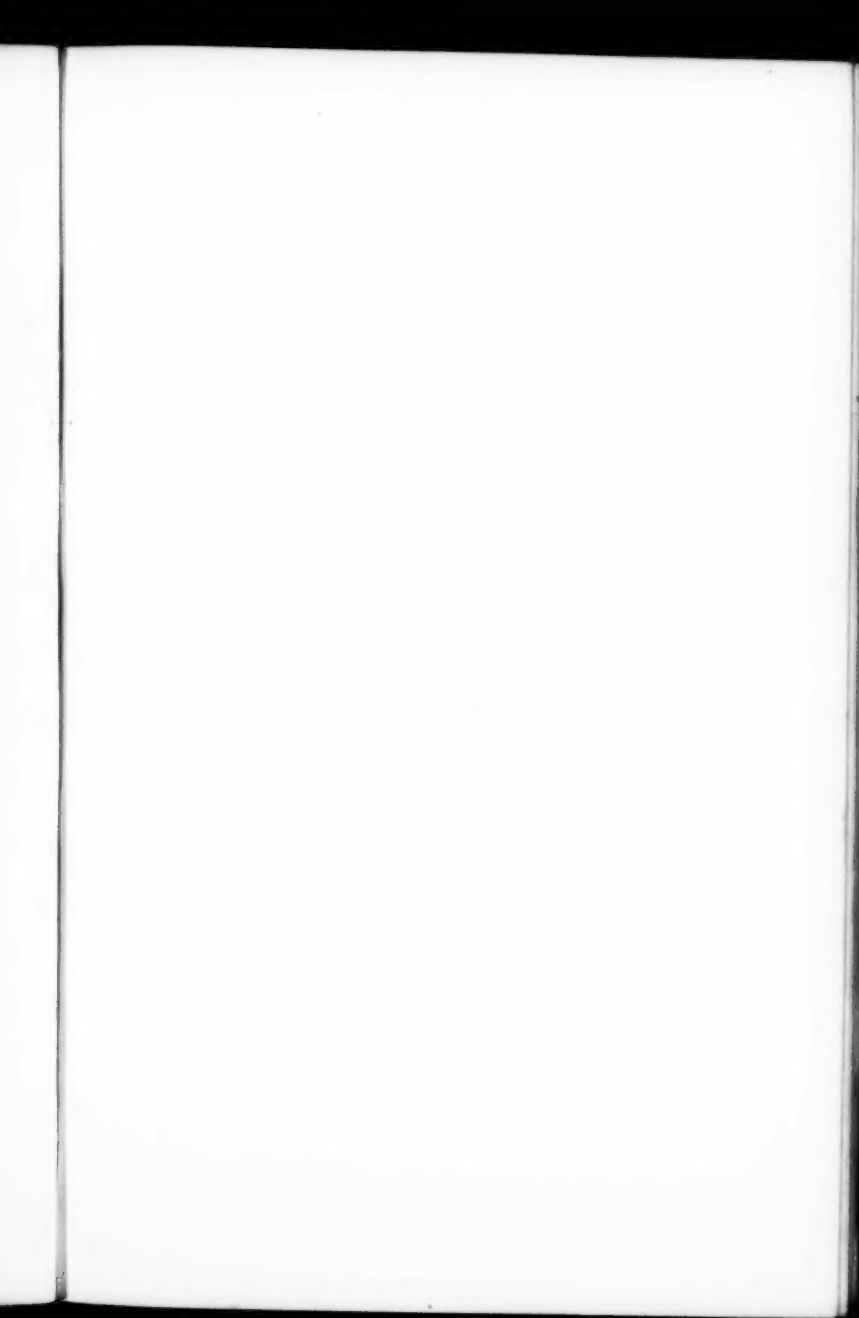
BY MARIA NORRIS.

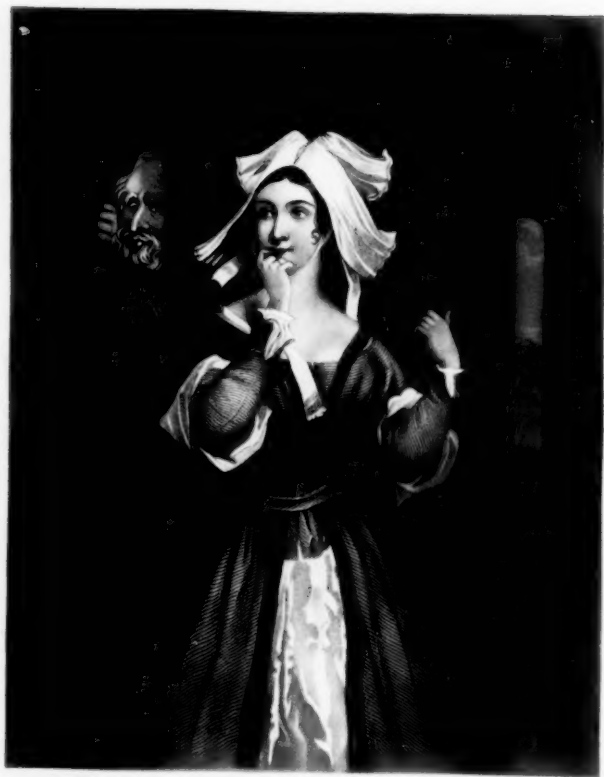
COURAGE, faint heart! Why all these fears
And questions for the morrow?
Wipe, wipe away these bitter tears,
Mute signs of useless sorrow!
God's planets shine *behind* the mist;
So beam thy faith unclouded —
Like mountain tops by daylight kissed,
Though all their base be shrouded.

One Hand holds up the stars that roll,
And girdles in the ocean;
His love is shed on every soul
To which he gave emotion.
O, not one slightest woe befalls
But he gives strength to bear it;
Can He be deaf to Sorrow's calls
Who came on earth to share it?

Look up, my brother! God is good,
And cares for human grieving;
His discipline is spirit food
To strengthen thy believing.
Look up! Tread under feet the earth —
Keep free a soaring spirit;
Clay only gave thy body birth;
That soul may *all* inherit.

Faith, hope, and love are golden keys,
That brighten in the using;
Thou mayst unlock all heaven with these,
Thine every foe confusing.
Courage, faint heart! Why all these fears
And questions for the morrow?
Dear brother, wipe away thy tears —
God's love metes out thy sorrow.





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THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST
BY
JOHN BURNET
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
IN TWO VOLUMES
THE SECOND VOLUME
LONDON
Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1679.



BACHELOR BIM,

OR THE MAGIC OF A LAUGH.

BY HATTIE.

You know her, do you? the bright-eyed, kind-hearted, happy Fannie,—she, the light and joy of a wide circle of friends, who luxuriate in her loving smiles as in the sunshine of spring, who laugh because she laughs, and carol their sweet songs because she leads the way with her chirruping voice. O, you know her; I know you do. I can see it in the dimpling smile that sleeps within your cheek when I mention her name; the bewitching glance of your eye when I tell you of her.

She is always happy. She sees nothing in nature but gladness; nothing in its God but goodness; and blending these together in one sweet, harmonious whole, she worships with all the devotion of an innocent love.

Fannie was born in the spring, and whether or not the fact is to be attributed to such a birth time or not, it nevertheless is a fact that she delights in the spring time and beauties. As it advances, and its "ethereal mildness" wafts the sweet fragrance of wood and forest to her cottage home, she instinctively hies away to the home of the birds and flowers. She calls around her half a score of loved companions, and hand in hand romps with them in Nature's festival hall, tapestried with green leaves, bright blossoms, and budding vines.

They wander by brook and brae, and bind wreaths for their friends at home, whose avocation or ill health prevents them from being participants in their out-door sports.

Adventurous was the spirit of Fannie. She delighted to clamber over the rude rocks, and cast the bright glances of her eyes into nooks and crevices never before illumined by so fair a light. Nor was her limit the forest and field, as the sequel will show.

There was an old, large, dilapidated building, situated about a quarter of a mile from Fannie's dwelling. The reputed owner was a bachelor, one of those creatures who are so fond of themselves that they desire no other companion—no warm heart to beat in unison with their own, no hand to press the aching

brow, no gentle voice to soothe, comfort, cheer the hours of lingering sickness:—

“Ocean and land the globe divide;
Summer and winter share the year;
Darkness and light walk side by side;
And earth and heaven are always near.”

But these poor, mistaken fellows, who dream of bliss without aught to create it, would live alone, unsupported, unaided, *alone*. O, cheerless word to a heart made to love and be loved.

The grim old mansion stood alone also. It partook of the general appearance of loneliness that surrounded it; even the stones seemed desirous of parting; and a few really had done so, and remained where they had fallen—types of bachelors’ hearts.

The house was one of those large, uncouth structures, not uncommon, known as somebody’s “folly,” and was large enough to justify truth in a newspaper advertisement of “a two-story house, containing an acre of land and other conveniences.” Bachelor Bim lived in one undivided corner of this edifice, and it was he that Fannie and her friends proposed to visit, *en masse*. So, one summer morning, just as breakfast had been dished, they dressed themselves in gay attire, and laughing with an earnestness indicative

of the peculiar feature of their merry mission, passed in the direction of the field of battle.

As they neared it, unmistakable signs of their close approach were to be seen. Here was a wagon with but one wheel; there a chaise, old and musty, with but one seat.

Fannie, quick in thought, saw all, and accounted for the singleness of spirit which had diffused itself into all animate and inanimate things, by indiscriminately calling them "chips of the old block."

The building was in view; and, inclined to jocund laughter as the fair invaders were, a feeling, not really of sadness, but inclined that way, came upon their minds. How lonely, when all might be so cheerful! And as they carefully opened the gate which, by the way, was dangling upon one hinge, they thought how different all would be with woman's gentle hand to arrange, woman's sweet smile to cheer.

Then followed a loud, clear laugh, that made the old porch echo with its sound.

Fannie was the first to enter. Silently, with finger on her mouth as a token of the momentary silence she wished her companions to observe, unconscious of the near presence of the owner of the house, who, having heard the visitants, had concealed himself behind an old carpet that hung near the door, and

looking out from an opening in its folds, was intently watching their movements.

They continued to advance, and one by one ascended the dusty stairs.

Bachelor Bim, seeing the boldness of the intruders upon his single blessedness, began to twitch about and make himself uneasy.

Altogether unused to such visitors, he hated their presence. Hermit-like, he had withdrawn himself from his fellows, and saw none, neither man nor woman, except as they occasionally passed his house and then not very distinctly, for they invariably glided by with all speed, a rumor being in circulation that Bim and the evil one lived together, and laid traps for strangers.

As he saw the last of the frolicsome ascend, Mr. Bim passed up by a rear stairway, and, determined to appear as well as circumstances would allow, seated himself on a broken chair in what he called "the best room."

Shook! How he shook and shivered as the laugh was heard resounding within those sombre walls! And the madcaps, as he calls them, approach. Closer to his chair he clings, firmer he sits. Lo! one leg breaks beneath his weight, and he balances himself on two. Just at this moment the door opens, and in rush the

visitors, in all the beauty and liveliness of girlhood.

Fannie, with her light hood carelessly tossed upon her head ; Imogen, with her bright, black curls dancing around her clear, white shoulders ; Minnie, with a wreath of green encircling her brow ; Anna, tall and graceful as a fawn ; Jeannette, with full, flooding eye of blue ; and six others, equally as fair, enticing, bewitching, and beautiful, in an instant stood laughing with hearty zest around Bachelor Bim.

What should he do ?

What could he do but participate with them in the sunlight of the moment ? And so he did. At first his heart inclined to anger : unaccustomed to the social habits of life, he would at first withdraw. But *how* to withdraw ? Ah, that was the question ! There was where Greek met Greek. There was where came the tug of war. He could not withdraw. They encircled him. They all laughed loud and heartily, in compliance with the request of Fannie, who led the expedition for the purpose of testing the efficaciousness of laughter and hilarity as an antidote for stoicism and moroseness.

Beneath the effect of the laughter, Bim's heart melted ; he jumped up, danced about, mad with joy, and though he resisted at first, he yielded at last.

He conducted his gay company around his house, and though ashamed of what was to be seen, he excused all by promising improvement, and living more like a human being in future.

"And now," said Fannie, as they were about to leave, "we must have your promise; you must promise to marry." 'Twas hard to promise such an event, so allied to an impossibility. Yet he did.

Fannie and her companions each kissed the old fellow, after which operation he reiterated, with decided emphasis, his determination to marry; and they left him fully satisfied with the effects produced by the "magic of a laugh."

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S STORY.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

"AND what is your opinion?" asked the youngest of the party, turning to the schoolmaster.

"Mine?" answered he. "O, I never talk politics! Women and priests are exempt; and I am not at all disposed to give up my privilege—a great one in my eyes."

"And yet," said the youth. But another voice was raised above his, and then another, and then all spoke at once, and an eager and noisy discussion ensued; till at last, in the midst of the confusion, were heard the words, "At least, in the time of the French——"

"In the time of the French," interrupted the schoolmaster, with unusual emphasis—"in the time of the French was the conscription."

"And so there is now," cried two or three voices.

"In the time of the French," resumed the schoolmaster, and repeated the words a fourth time—"in the time of the French the conscription was quite

another thing — sons, husbands, and brothers torn from their families, tied together like cattle, and sent a thousand miles off to slaughter! For slaughter it was, as far as we were concerned. The war was no affair of ours, and signified nothing to us in any way; and the authors of it were not the greatest sufferers; rather those who lost by it all that they cared for in the world, without the consolation of feeling they had been serving their king and country. And even of those who took a liking for the trade, how many paid cruelly for it in the long run!" And here he paused, but as if he had more to say on the subject; and as he was much liked by all the young folk, and generally listened to with pleasure, and so much the more just now, as is commonly the case with one who has kept silence during a long debate, and speaks only when his heart is full, and when others have had their say, all were silent, and seemed to expect him to continue. So, after a few minutes, he added, "If I were not afraid of disturbing the gayety of the evening, I would tell you of something which came within my own knowledge, in which I took a part myself, and which I can never forget as long as I live. But it is not by any means an amusing tale. It is a story of poor country people, which I would not tell to country people; but to you it may serve as an illustration

of the matters in dispute, into which I do not wish to enter." And all begging that he would tell it, except two or three, who went out to play at skittles, we drew near him, and he began thus:—

"In the time of the French, when I was schoolmaster in a parish of the Monferrato country, not far from Le Langhe, I knew a lad named Toniotto, and a girl called Maria. I believe their families were somehow related; at any rate they were near neighbors, and the two children were such great friends, and such constant companions, that those who did not know them took them for brother and sister; and those who did know, and had seen them grow up together, were always saying what a nice couple they would make as man and wife. Toniotto at eighteen was one of the finest lads in the country round, or, indeed, that I ever saw any where, though I lived many years in Rome and in the south of Italy, where the handsomest men in all the world are to be met with. Maria was quite a little Madonna, fair and gentle, and simple as a dove. Neither of them made any secret of it; they loved each other, and every one knew it, and they were beloved by all about them. There was but one opinion of them, and one wish for them—that their love might prosper. The girl was but sixteen: their marriage was a settled thing, but her

parents wished them to wait to see whether Toniotto might not chance to be included in the conscription. 'What would be the use of her marrying,' they said, 'when she might be as good as unmarried, or a widow, directly after?' The parents of Toniotto thought the same. Not so the two young people. Maria said that if she were once married to him, she might go with the regiment as laundress, or in some other capacity; and Toniotto, though he did not encourage this notion, said, if he must leave her, he should prefer leaving her as his wife; but both of them, with the confidence of youth, hoped for the best, and if they thought on the matter at all, trusted Toniotto would draw a lucky number: and so they went on loving all the same; or rather, loved each other better every day.

"One day, however, when no one was thinking about it, — I remember well how my heart sank when I saw them, — came the soldiers of the conscription. The poor children were piteous to behold. Maria, who had before been like an opening rosebud, was now languid and pale, her head hanging down, and her heavy eyes surrounded by a dark circle, which told of nights passed more in tears than in sleep. Toniotto, on the contrary, appeared every day more excited, his cheeks flushed, his lips compressed, or biting his thumb, and his large eyes glaring upon

every one he met, as if he were the gendarme who was to tear him from the arms of his betrothed. It was plain that thoughts had entered into his mind which, once admitted, ruin and change a man's character entirely. Hitherto he had been a steady, home-keeping youth, and any thing but dissipated; now he began to absent himself for days together, which he pretended he passed at the *fêtes* of the neighboring villages. But no one believed this; because Maria had never once gone out of the house. To tell you the truth, many people, and I amongst the number, thought at that time that he was getting into bad company, and had put himself in communication with some bandits who were just then in the neighborhood—the remains of the troop of that Majino, who, a few years before, had made himself famous, under the name of Emperor of the Alps. However, this may have been a false report.

“When the day came on which the drawing was to take place, Toniotto went, as desired, to the principal town of the district; and Maria, who accompanied him, was observed talking to him warmly and earnestly, as if trying to persuade him to something, while he listened in sullen silence. Arrived at the place where the lottery was to be drawn, he dropped her arm suddenly, and she slipped away into a corner, where,

unperceived, she could hear the numbers as they were called, while he mingled with the crowd of youths who were waiting. There were many among them who said to him, 'Toniotto, we pray God you may draw a lucky number rather than we. To be sure, there is not one of us but has father, or mother, or sister, or some one with whom, God willing, it is our duty to stay; but if it is our lot to leave them, why, it's not our own fault; and we shall see new countries, and who knows but we may become officers, and perhaps generals! How many have returned so, who left the country like ourselves! But for you, poor fellow, to leave that pretty sweetheart of yours who is crying there, it would be a sin!'

"Toniotto made no answer; and the prefect and the commandant of the department having arrived, they proceeded to call each man in turn to draw his number. You may imagine how poor Maria's heart beat when Toniotto's turn came, and his too, though he appeared firm. He stepped up to the table, and drew one of the very first numbers. There could not be a doubt: he must be among the conscripts. The poor girl was carried out senseless. Toniotto spoke not a word; and the drawing being over, the men examined as to their fitness or unfitness for service, and orders given to those who were selected

(amongst whom was Toniotto, of course) to be at the same place at the end of three days, and the penalties in case of disobedience read, all departed, and he with the rest. His parents wanted him to return with them; but he refused, saying he would come with the other young men. They expected him in vain, however, all that day and night. He never came. You may imagine the fright they were in, thinking that both the happy youth and themselves would incur those heavy penalties which, in default of fugitive conscripts, fell upon the parents. They spent the whole three days in this misery, constantly hoping for Toniotto's return. On the fourth day, a corporal came to inquire into his absence; and, as the family was respectable, and every one ready to be bail for them, two more days were granted for them to discover and give up the recusant; but they had no idea where to look for him, and were in utter despair.

"On the fifth day came two other soldiers, (called in French *garnisaires*,) to quarter themselves upon the father of Toniotto, until the conscript was given up or fine paid.

"The same evening, certain ill-looking fellows were seen hanging about the village; and in the middle of the night, a boy came to Toniotto's father to ask him

to go and speak with somebody who was waiting behind the church. On going thither, there he found his son, and they remained full three hours together, in warm discussion. They were seen by several persons, and it was thought that Toniotto was endeavoring to prevail upon his father, who had been a good soldier in his youth, and was yet a hale, hearty man, to unite with him in joining his friends the bandits, and that the father resolutely refused.

"In the morning, Toniotto reappeared at home. The soldiers would have taken him into custody, but he said there was no occasion. He would go of his own accord to head quarters, and give himself up, as soon as he had breakfasted and bid adieu to his people; and, showing them something or other he had hidden in his belt under his waistcoat, bade them beware of touching him.

"He did as he had promised. I remember some one came and told me what was going on, and I hurried to see Toniotto, whom I found just going from his own house into Maria's. I had but just time to say to him, 'God bless you; you are acting like a dutiful son;' to which he only answered, 'True,' as he entered her house. I do not know exactly what passed between them; but Maria has often told me that he offered to give her back her word, and set

her quite at liberty ; but she would not have it, and promised she would wait for him. And I must say, at that time, being yet inexperienced, we all believed in the promise made by our laws ; namely, that conscripts were to serve for four years only, at the end of which they would be restored to their families.

“How this promise was kept, we now know too well. None ever returned, unless he had lost a limb, or was otherwise disabled for service.

“Well ! I walked up and down before the house some twenty minutes, and at last there was a loud cry within doors ; and Toniotto, with a disordered countenance, hurried out and ran back into his father's house for a minute. I heard him peremptorily desire they would not accompany him, and so he came out and set off alone. Poor fellow ! he knew what awaited him, and so did I ; so I followed him at a distance for about a mile, and let him alone to indulge his grief, and then gradually approached and joined him. He took my hand as if to thank me, and I saw a large tear roll down his cheek ; but he recovered himself in a minute, composed his countenance, and began to talk on indifferent matters. When we got to the town, I wanted him to let me go to the sub-prefect, whom I knew, to speak for him ; but he would not allow it, and having asked an audience for

himself, said, 'I am Toniotto Such-a-one, who drew such a number t'other day. I have had hard work to make up my mind to come with the others; and, to tell the truth, I don't think I ever should if it had not been for my father and my brothers; but any how, here I am.'

"I then came forward and bore witness to his character and general good conduct before the prefect, who was very civil, and sending for the quarter-master, spoke to him in the office apart, I suppose in recommendation, for I heard the man say, as he went out, 'I will do all I can.' He then made a sign to the youth to follow him to head quarters.

"Toniotto bade me an affectionate farewell, (which I took to be more for others than for myself,) and begged that, by all I held dear, I would endeavor to prevent his parents or Maria from coming to him, especially on the day of his departure. I understood him; and having found out from one of the men, with whom I entered into conversation for the purpose, that they were to march on next day, I returned home very sad, to fulfil my promise to the young man, which was as sacred to me as if given on his death bed.

"When I arrived, finding that Maria was with Toniotto's family, I went to execute his commission

at once. Maria said directly, that she should certainly go to him to-morrow all the same. I told her she would not see him. 'Then he is in prison!' cried she. 'I do not think he is,' said I; 'but he does not wish you to be there when he goes.' 'Then he goes to-morrow!' she exclaimed. She had heard from some one or other how reculant conscripts were treated on their march, and the poor girl now saw it all clearly; and I don't believe the most prudent diplomatist in the world could have kept it from her.

"Next morning, Maria went out with her little basket on her arm, so early that no one was up at home, and the folks who met her on the road supposed she was going to market; but her own people, who had been astonished that she should have the heart to go there that day, finding she did not return at the usual time, made up their minds that she must have gone to see Toniotto, and sent her two brothers after her; but when they got to the town, they found him gone, and no news of her.

"In fact, thinking that they would most likely come to look for her there, she had not gone to town at all, but had taken the road by which she knew the conscripts must pass, and by dint of asking, right and left, had found out what would be their first halt, and gone straight there.

"Here Toniotto found her when he arrived, escorted by two gendarmes like a felon, but not pinioned; and the soldiers, recognizing her, allowed her to speak to him, and upon her offering them a share of the provisions she had brought for Toniotto, they permitted her to give the rest to him, and to stay with him the short time they stopped there. He could not succeed in dissuading her from her determination to go on with the party that evening, and accompany them to the place where they halted for the night.

"There he was locked up, and Maria contrived to get shelter from a poor woman who took her in for charity, and was at the prison door next morning before Toniotto was brought out. Think what she must have felt at seeing him with his hands tied behind his back, and joined by a long rope to twenty others, two and two together, like galley slaves; and these were soldiers of that general who exalted the military profession above all others! The other men did not so much feel this degradation, which they knew would not last for more than a day or two, till they should have crossed the Alps, or at most till they had reached the depot; but what a grief was it to poor Toniotto to be seen by his betrothed in such a condition!

"As she persisted in walking along with them, he

asked her what she meant to do, and what good there could be in her following them thus. She answered that she did not know; she had thought of nothing but her wish to see him once more and go part of the way with him; and then she went back to her old idea of going with the regiment as washerwoman. He would not hear of this, and spoke of her duty to her parents, at which she began to cry; and his companions, most of them, made game of her, and the gendarmes, who were not the same as those of the day before, teased and insulted her.

"It was still worse when they reached the place where they were to dine. The men were all put into a barn behind the inn, and locked up; and the poor girl, driven from the door, sat down at a little distance and waited, without taking even a bit of bread or a cup of water, till the recruits came out again, bound as before. Then she took her old place beside Toniotto, and, as they walked along, kept putting into his mouth some fruit to refresh him. In vain he implored her to leave him: she still went on, without knowing why or wherefore, till at last, that evening, just before they reached the inn where they were to stop, they were overtaken by her two brothers, who, guessing what had become of her, had followed her hither. As they were good-hearted lads,

and besides felt that it might not be long before they were themselves in the same case, they did not scold her, but only pressed her kindly to return home with them; and she made no resistance, especially as Toniotto joined his entreaties to theirs. So it was settled that they should all stay there that night, and next morning, after the soldiers had set out, Maria should go home with her brothers.

"They passed the night—he in prison, and she with her brothers at the inn; but the poor girl had hardly got to bed before she was seized with fever, from the fatigue, and hardships, and want of food, and, above all, from the great sorrow she had endured. She was delirious all night, and in the morning one of her brothers had to stay and look after her, while the other went to inform Toniotto of her illness and give him a last embrace. The poor fellow could not even return it. He and his companions were hurried off; and thus he parted from the last of his friends.

"For more than a fortnight Maria continued very ill, her brothers and her mother (who had come to her on hearing where she was) staying to nurse her. As soon as ever she could be moved, they all came back to the village together. No one would have known the girl, she was so altered; but there was

not a soul who said a harsh word of her on account of her imprudent journey, so much was she loved and esteemed by all, and so well known were their love for each other, and her entire innocence.

“By little and little, she recovered her health and spirits, and especially when his parents received the first letter from Toniotto, which I heard so often that I know it by heart. This was what it said:—

“‘Dear Father: The first use I make of my hands is to write this to you to tell you that we are safely arrived here at the depot, which is in a town called Besançon, and they say we shall stay here but a very short time. I am already dressed in regimentals, and you would not know me in them. The number of the regiment and of the company is marked all over them, so we look like the sheep in our country who are branded with their master's mark. No sooner had I got my clothes, than I was set to drill; that is, to learn to march and turn my head this way and that, and in two or three days I am to have my musket. We do nothing else from sunrise to sunset, and we are all longing for marching orders, that there may be an end of this bother, and no more talk of *conscripts*, which is a word that is always being thrown in one's face here. I shall be glad to hear that you have got

over my leaving you, and especially wish for news of dear Maria. She made me very unhappy by persisting in following me those two days; but I swear to you, my dear father, she was no more nor less than a sister to me — and, indeed, it could not have been otherwise, even if I had wished it. I only hope no one thought any harm of her. I beg you will embrace her for me, for even that was out of my power; and give my respects to her mother and brothers, and to the good master, and my best thanks to him for having taught me to write, which is a great comfort to me this day to be able to do. My love to my brother and yourself, and I ask your blessing for your affectionate son,

.TONIOTTO.'

"The next letter that came was from Magdeburg, and told of his being at the great battle of Jena; and that he had heard say that every one was frightened at first going into battle, but that to him it was the greatest pleasure he had had since leaving home, for none of his comrades now called him *conscript*; and he had got into the grenadiers.

"Another letter was received during the winter from some place or other in Poland; and then, the summer after, came one from Aranda de Duero, in Spain — always giving accounts of battles; and it was

clear that he was getting fond of his profession. He had become first a corporal, then a sergeant, and had gained the cross of honor; and he thanked me anew for having taught him to write, which, he said, had helped him on very much, more than any action in the field would have done.

“At last, after he had been gone about two years, one evening, when I was keeping school as usual, in came one of the children, and began whispering something to his neighbor, who passed it on to the next, until it ran round the whole school; and, before I could stop them, they had all jumped up and run out, crying, ‘Toniotto is come back! Let’s go and see Toniotto.’ So I followed too, and went straight to his father’s; and there, sure enough, I found him, looking so happy and triumphant, I never saw the like!—and sitting between his father on one side and Maria on the other, who was crying and sobbing like a scolded child, and not able to speak a word; and there were the brothers of both families, and the relations, and all come to see him and make much of him. He started up as soon as he saw me, and threw his arms round my neck; and I learned shortly, that his regiment having to pass through Piedmont, on its way from Spain to join the army in Italy, he had obtained three days’ leave to come and see his

parents, and . . . Here he seized Maria's hand, and covered it with kisses, with an air of gallantry and confidence which he certainly had not when he went away, and which made me fear that he was quite changed from what he used to be. But I saw and talked with him a good deal during the three days he staid with us; and there is no telling what an excellent, good, and manly fellow he had become in the short time he had been away. And if his love was a little changed in its nature, and partook of his own strengthened character, it was not less hearty and true. He no longer made idle complaints and lamentations over his lot, but looked hopefully to the end, and talked of his chances of marrying. He said, that if he went on as well as he had begun, thanks to his having some education, he had great hopes of one day or other becoming an officer, when there would be no such great difficulty in getting permission to marry; or if that were refused him, he could leave the service. 'So much the more,' he added, smiling, 'that every one gets his share of hard knocks; and I have had mine, though I have not mentioned them in my letters; and if I get a few more, at five and twenty I shall be amongst the veterans, and get sent, as they say, back to my fireside.' Well! those three days were days of rejoicing to all

the village, and holidays at school, and yet, the happiest, I do believe, in Maria's whole life. When he went away, he left three louis-d'ors for his father, one for his brother, who was a pupil of mine, and a handsome handkerchief and a ring for Maria; and when he got to Venice, he sent her, in a letter, a little gold chain, which never after left the girl's neck.

"Then came the war with Austria, the third in which Toniotto had been engaged; and in this he got both promotion and wounds, especially one bad cut in his head, which we heard of, and which made Maria very uneasy; but he got well of it, and was afterwards exchanged into the Imperial Guard. When he wrote this to us, he was so full of delight he could not have said more if he had been made a field-marshal. At the peace, his regiment went to Paris; and whilst there, he wrote often, and sent some little trifle or other as a present to Maria, and talked more and more of his hopes of being an officer, and then — then would be happiness.

"Two more years passed thus, and then war with Russia was declared, and Toniotto set off more full of spirits and hope than ever, and wrote, quite elated, from Smolensko, of his having become adjutant, (sub-official,) and having got the cross of the iron crown; and there was not a doubt of his being made an

officer at the end of this campaign. It was generally supposed, too, that this would be the last the emperor would undertake: be that as it might, so as he got his commission, it would be all right and well. So now every one began to envy Maria, who had formerly been an object of pity among her companions, as fated to die an old maid; and I forgot to mention that the little Marietta herself had learned to write very nicely, and kept up a correspondence with her future husband, and all seemed going on as happily as possible.

“ But with the winter came rumors of the total destruction of the French army; and on going to town to make inquiry, I found this report was not far from the truth. No more letters were received, either from Toniotto or any one else, until at last, late in the year, some Piedmontese soldiers of the Imperial Guard wrote that he had been amongst the killed at the terrible passage of the Beresina. Just imagine the blow this was to the old father and his younger son, who looked up to his Toniotto with the greatest affection — above all, to the miserable Maria! I will not attempt to describe her sufferings, or the illness which brought her to death's door; or the lamentations and despair of her parents and brothers, one of whom, just at this time, was carried off by the conscription

into Germany; the other, a few months after, to France; for the levies then succeed each other rapidly. Why should I dwell upon this time? When once misfortunes begin in a family, they crowd upon each other in a manner that appalls even the indifferent! Maria's two brothers were killed, one at Hanau, the other under the walls of Paris, by the last random shot, as it were, of this war, which was so little and so much to us. The only child remaining to console the poor, broken-down parents, half stupetied by sorrow, was their daughter, to whom the duty of supporting them in their old age, and the special providence of God, which reserved her for other trials, gave strength to survive.

"The poor girl was then little more than two and twenty, and her beauty had become so angelic, from her sufferings, which she bore like an angel, that I never saw any thing resembling it. Sorrow like this exalts and ennobles the vulgarest person; but, somehow, I never could regard *her* as a little country girl: she seemed quite a lady, and latterly, indeed, more like a saint or angel. From that time forward, I never saw her laugh again; not that there was any thing of harshness or disdain in her melancholy countenance, but a simple, resigned composure, which was peculiar to herself.

"In the year 1814, when our princes and the few remnants of our soldiers of the French army returned, we heard the last particulars of Toniotto, who, during that awful retreat, had been one of the few who kept up his courage unshaken. When all around him were dying of cold, he used to say he wore on his heart two things that would keep him warm, though all the snows of Russia were heaped on them. The men could not tell us, for certain, whether he had been made an officer: all they knew was, that he marched at the head of the company, and thus they arrived at that terrible bridge, which he had been the first to cross, and, rushing like a lion upon the enemy, received a ball in his heart, and fell dead on the spot.

"'Poor Toniotto!' said they; 'he was beloved by the whole regiment, and was the pride of all the Piedmontese in the army.'

"'Poor Maria!' thought I. 'Far more are you to be pitied for having to live on through all this.' But I did not yet know all her trials.

"Three years had passed since Toniotto's death, and I had observed for some time that her countenance, usually so calm and sad, now wore an anxious and troubled look. I often threw myself in her way to give her the opportunity of telling me, if she wished it, any thing she had on her mind; but I asked her

no questions, and she volunteered nothing. At last, one day, when I happened to overtake her walking, and accompanied her a little way, she seemed so much more depressed and agitated than I had ever seen her, that, after a long silence, I could not help exclaiming, 'My poor Maria!' and instantly she burst into a passion of tears, and seemed ready to throw herself into my arms; but she stopped, hid her face in both her hands, and sobbed out, 'O master, they want me to marry!'

"I must confess the thought of such a thing had never once entered into my mind, any more than if it had been a crime or an impossibility. But now these few simple words were like a flash of light opening a new view to me; and in a moment I saw how naturally the idea had arisen, and what would be the end of it. I could not find a word to say, except to repeat, 'Poor Maria!' but I stopped, and made the girl sit down, and waited till she had recovered herself a little, and till her sobs had ceased.

"And why should you not marry, my dear Maria? If it will be a consolation and happiness to your old and infirm parents, who want this support to their declining years, I am sure you will not oppose their wishes. For this you have survived; for this you have struggled with and overcome your grief, instead of

giving way to it weakly. That was the hardest effort and the greatest sacrifice. Do not make it useless, and lose the fruit of it, by refusing to endure this much more. My dear, good, dutiful Maria, I know you will, like a brave, devoted girl, fulfil your whole duty on earth. Pay your whole debt, and when this life is over, father, mother, brothers, husband, all will lead you to join your lover in that heaven where all loves are united and absorbed in one immense, eternal, universal . . .

“O Maria, they are not empty, idle words, those words of God himself, that we are placed here to suffer. No one can do his whole duty here without having to suffer more or less, and those whose lot carries with it the most suffering may be looked upon as the beloved children of the Father, to whom the highest rewards are destined.”

“I spoke thus interruptedly, holding the hand of the poor girl, who lifted her head slowly, till her eyes were raised to heaven, and the former placid, serene expression returned to her countenance. At last, she said, ‘I knew it would be so; I knew you, too, would wish it.’ We rose, and returned home together in silence.

“Her father and mother were indeed at this time in a sad condition. Always poor, they had become

more and more so as they grew unfit for daily labor. They were now hardly able to cultivate their own little bit of ground to any advantage; and though Maria worked hard, and did her very best to conceal the poverty into which they had fallen, it grew worse every day, and they were in absolute want. I was astonished at myself for never having thought before how this must be; and now I would willingly have shared my bread with this poor family, if by that means I could secure her liberty to Maria. But I might die any day; and God knows how much I then regretted that I had never been a saving man, and had not laid by any portion of my salary as schoolmaster, or the pension I got from my convent. But the more I thought on the matter, the less help I saw for it, and it was plain Maria was making up her mind to it. So, at last, from among the many who had made her offers from time to time, she chose one, named Francesco, a worthy young man, and an intimate friend of Toniotto's when they were both boys. He was one of the few who had not been carried away from us by the conscription during the war. He had never left his home, and had long loved Maria; and though he well knew she did not return his love, and gave him no hope, yet he never would take any one else to wife.

“ Maria now told him frankly what were her reasons for marrying, and that he well knew she never could love any one as she had loved Toniotto, nor ever forget him ; but that if he would take her as a widow, who is allowed still to love the memory of her first husband, she would be a good wife to him, and would love him better than any living creature. The honest fellow, who hoped for nothing more, accepted joyfully, and declared he was the happiest of men : nay, more ; upon her offering to leave off the little chain Toniotto had sent her, if he wished it, he begged her to continue wearing it. And so the marriage took place without any great to-do ; and the money which would otherwise have gone in a dinner and ball, Francesco (who was rich, and had no relations but his mother) laid out half in repairing his own house, and furnishing a nice room for the old couple, whom he took home the very day of the wedding ; and the other half he gave to me and to the curate of the parish, to distribute amongst the poor. So it was a day of joy and blessing to all, but in a quiet way, and quite different from most wedding days.

“ I need not tell you that the families went on comfortably together ; for you may judge from the fact of their all joining thus, and not fearing to live so many under one roof, that they were all good sort

of people. Just as the liking to live separate, and not being able to agree to eat out of the same dish, is a proof that they have cold hearts, and value their own independence, as they call it,—that is, their own selfish enjoyment,—more than the companionship and love of others.

“Before the year was out, the family was increased by a little boy, whom they all agreed to call Toni-otto; and eighteen months after there came another: and Maria’s face now wore not only its old, placid, gentle expression, but sometimes the sweetest of smiles for her husband and children. She was as beautiful as ever, though she was now seven or eight and twenty; and when I saw her of an evening sitting there with the old folks, and children, and her husband, all hanging upon her glance, I often thought she was fit to be the Madonna in a holy family of Raphael.

“But this calm was not to last long.

“One evening, towards nightfall, I was walking up and down before my door, saying my Breviary aloud, as I was wont to do, when I heard a footstep behind me, and an exclamation of ‘Dear master!’ and then was almost lifted off my feet by a sudden embrace. I seemed to know the voice, and turning my head round so that my face nearly touched his, I saw and instantly recognized, in the twilight, Toniotto! If I

had ever believed in ghosts, I should certainly have thought he was one, come to reproach me for the part I had taken in the marriage of Maria. And, to tell the truth, the idea, for one moment, did cross my mind; and then the fearful reality came upon me as not less terrible than a supernatural apparition would have been. The only thing I could do or think of was to seize Toniotto by the arm, and drag him into the house with me. He saw the effect he had produced on me, and with a changed countenance and trembling voice, said, 'My father? . . . my brother?'—'Alive and well,' said I, 'but the old woman must be prepared for the joyful shock of seeing you.'

"And Maria?"

"Both her brothers were killed in battle a short time after we heard of your death."

"But Maria?"

"She is living.' And there was a silence for about two minutes. I was the first to break it.

"How did it happen that you never wrote to us for these six years past?"

"I did write several times, but greatly feared you would not receive my letters in the early part of the time. You have heard from me during the last two years?"

"Never once—and for these two years——"

"He interrupted me.

"So you have believed me to be dead for six years? — a thing I often dreaded would happen; and then a thought came across me, which I drove away, as sent by the devil to make me die of despair! O, and I arrived just now so full of joy! — as if one's return could ever be joyous and happy after an absence of ten years! Poor Giovanni! — poor Filippo! — poor dear Maria!"

"Maria," I began, hoping he would question me; but he spoke not a word, and to save my life I could not have finished my sentence, and said, "Maria is no longer yours." At last he resumed.

"If you *had* received my letters two years ago —"

"They would have come too late;" and I breathed more freely now that it was out; but raising my eyes to his face, I found it so altered, and bearing such marks of suffering, past and present, that I shuddered to see it.

"We were again silent for a few minutes. Then he got up, gave himself a shake, and raising his head, said, 'Let's go and see my father, and then ——'"

"I followed instantly, and we went together to his home.

"I need not tell you what a joyful and affectionate

greeting he had from his father and brother, nor how the tears rained down the toil-worn face of the soldier when their tenderness had opened his heart. I went from them to Francesco, who took it upon himself to break the news to Maria. In what manner he did so I never knew; it remained a secret between them, and they never spoke of it. All I know is, that two days after, at their own request, I took Toniotto to see them. Francesco was the most agitated of the three. Maria came forward with an angelic smile, though her countenance was not as calm as usual, and, taking his hand, said, 'God be praised! Who ever expected to see you again, except in heaven? There we always trusted we might meet you again — Francesco and I.' The soldier's knees trembled visibly, and he was unable to speak a word; but he took both her hand and Francesco's, and, holding them both together between his, raised them to his lips and kissed them. Then suddenly perceiving the two children, he dropped their hands, hurried to them, kissed and embraced them over and over again eagerly, and then, sitting down, took the eldest on his knee. The child struggled to get away, and Maria calling to him, reproachfully, 'Toniotto!' the soldier thought at first she was addressing him; and then finding they had named the boy after him,

he again seized and kissed him, hiding his face in the child's curly hair to conceal the tears which burst forth.

“By little and little, they all became composed; and the conversation turning upon Toniotto's adventures, Francesco inquired how he had managed to escape after that wound we heard he had received at the passage of the Beresina. Toniotto told his story briefly and simply. The ball had struck him on the shoulder, which was broken by it, and he fell stunned by the blow, and remained senseless till he was roused by soldiers of the enemy stripping him, as they had already done by the other corpses. At this moment, a young officer, happening to pass by, took compassion on him, had him carried to a hospital, where his wounds were looked to, and gave him back, certainly not all his property, but his two crosses, which ever since that time he had worn attached to his shirt, or in some other place where they could be hidden. After some months, being pretty well recovered, and the fine season being come, he was sent along with a column of prisoners to retrace the dreary road he had traversed with the flying army, and returned to Moscow; and thence they were marched off as far again, and more, to the frontier of Siberia. There the column was disbanded, and the prisoners dispersed here and there, with only a few sous to

keep them till they could get employment, which they all did in one way or other. He went into service as gardener to a gentleman of that country; and afterwards became bailiff to his estate; and his master, having taken a liking to him, was much disappointed when, at the beginning of 1815, the prisoners were all discharged: and, as a counter order arrived very shortly after, on account of the war with France breaking out anew, his master took immediate advantage of it, sent after him, overtook him before he could get out of the country, and brought him back to the castle. From that time, he felt sure that his letters were intercepted, and the successful battles that ensued were concealed from him. At last, having accidentally heard something of the state of affairs, he made his escape, and put himself under the protection of the governor of the nearest town.

"Here he paused; and I guessed that it was at this time he had written the letters which he had reason to hope would reach their destination.

"What with doubts and delays on the part of the governor, he continued, who would do nothing till he got orders, he was detained a whole year at this town, and it was now six months since he had got leave to depart. But in that twelvemonth he had spent all his little savings, and left his prison with so little in

his pocket, that he was forced to make the journey on foot; and from the pains his wounds gave him, he had been frequently obliged to stop on his road, and sometimes to beg.

"Here his voice faltered, and Maria seemed so much affected, that I thought it best to put an end to the visit. So I rose, and taking leave of the family, Toniotto and I walked away together.

"This was the only time I ever saw these two unhappy lovers give way to their feelings; and even then but in a slight degree. Unhappy they were, doubtless; but both bore their sorrow with a degree of fortitude, which might shame many a philosopher who has written folios upon patience; and many fine people, too, who make their quality and education an excuse for what they call their 'sensibility,' but which is, in fact, weakly yielding to grief instead of enduring it, as they ought, with courage. They call these poor folk coarse and insensible, not because they feel less, but because they bear it better. The truth is, that born and bred all to more or less of hardship and want, and accustomed to see happiness which they never expect to attain, the poor become really and truly imbued with the principle that we are placed here below to work and to suffer; whereas your gentlefolks hear it preached in sermons, and read it

sometimes in books, but it does not come home to you; and you live,—forgive me for saying so,—and struggle and toil, as if the enjoyments you crave were your due, and look upon it as a cruel injustice if they are withheld, and worse, if actual suffering is imposed on you. It is the indulgence of this feeling which makes misfortune so hard to be borne, and which causes some to become desperate under it, and others to descend to any baseness to avoid it. But perhaps I am wrong; I have not had much to do with the higher classes. I only wish you to understand that it did not follow that these poor things felt less because they made no display of their feelings. I have told you that what Maria had done was entirely from a sense of duty, which I had myself urged upon her perhaps too strongly: you may judge, therefore, that she followed it up, now that her duty had become still more definite.

“I do not mean the mere duty of being faithful to her husband in thought and deed, but of the far more difficult one of continuing cheerful, and making him happy, and, as much as in her lay, of being happy herself, and not allowing herself to think of what might have been. And as to Toniotto, I knew his thorough goodness from his childhood. Certainly, in the first fire of youth, he had yielded to the temptation

of choosing an evil for himself, and doing wilfully wrong by joining the bandits of Majino, to avoid an evil imposed upon him by Providence. But now his long and severe experience of a military life had accustomed him to subordination, and strengthened him against misfortune; so that I would bet all I am worth he never had a rebellious thought in his heart. I have always considered a soldier's life in time of war to be the best and noblest education a man can have. I never knew one return otherwise than improved by it. But many think differently, and, indeed, look upon all old soldiers as so many reprobates. Opinions are various; and perhaps I formed mine principally from seeing the frank, manly bearing of this poor Toniotto under his grief. Never a word of spite, or envy, or any thing like a sneer at the worthy Francesco. He was always the first to take his part, when others quizzed or made fun of him, because they had been in the wars, and seen more of the world than he. Francesco, who had always been his friend, now treated him like a brother, and was always the one to seek him out and ask him home, and would have been satisfied that he should stay there all day if he had liked it. But Toniotto seldom went there, except sometimes of an evening with Francesco, and then staid but a short time, and always

had one of the children in his arms; and Maria and he talked together so simply and naturally, that every body, Francesco above all, thought they had forgotten the past. Nay, I almost began to think so myself.

“One day, however, while I was wandering about upon the hills, climbing up through a grove of chestnuts, I came out upon a vineyard belonging to the father of Toniotto, and there I saw him, thinking himself alone in this out of the way place, sitting with his hoe between his legs, his hands clasped upon the handle, and his face resting upon them. I stood a moment looking at him, and then, thinking how cheerfully he generally seemed to take to his work, I felt ashamed, as if I had stolen upon him to surprise his secret, and turned, hoping to get away unperceived. But in my haste I made a rustling among the branches, and the noise rousing him, he looked up, and called me by name; so I turned back.

“‘You seem tired, Toniotto,’ said I.

“‘Yes, tired enough. I have almost forgotten my old trade of a vine dresser, you see, after following another so long. But I shall soon be up to it again.’

“I was delighted, and so I think was he, to have hit upon a topic of conversation; and nothing gives me so much to say on one subject as the wish to avoid some other.

“‘But,’ said I, ‘I should have thought you had had time to learn it afresh away in Siberia, with that master of yours, who was such a tyrant as to intercept your letters.’

“Here it struck me that I was approaching too near the subject we were both trying to keep away from. He made no answer.

“‘Perhaps there are no vines in that country — hey?’

“‘No,’ said Toniotto; and the conversation dropped again. This time I thought I had kept away too much.

“‘Well, Toniotto,’ said I, ‘you have done your duty in your different stations. You were a good son and a good soldier, and now you will be a good laborer and a good son once more.’ This time I had hit the mark; Toniotto answered in his old manner, —

“‘That’s true, master, that’s true. We must do the work it pleases God to give us, and take what he sends — now rain, now shine; now a victory, now a defeat; sometimes promotion and a cross at the button hole; sometimes a shot in the heart. And it is the same here, too; sometimes a good year, and sometimes a bad; a fine harvest and vintage, or storms and dearth. And so every day I find some likeness between the two ways of life.’

“‘You are right; there is a resemblance; and I

have often heard say, that retired soldiers make the best laborers. But you were no longer a soldier; and, by the bye, you wanted but little of being made an officer. If it had not been for your wound, you would have been sure of a commission, would you not?'

"O, if it had not been for my wound!' he began, and stopped suddenly. I had blundered on awkwardly enough; but now that I had got so far, I determined to seize an opportunity I had long wished for.

"And do you never regret your profession?' I continued; 'with the promotion you have got already, I should have thought you might return to it with advantage.'

"Now we had got upon smooth ground; and he answered frankly that he had thought about it, and had made inquiries, and taken advice upon the subject; but he was told it was very difficult, and that he was not likely to succeed in reëntering the army, except in the ranks. Certainly he would stand a good chance of soon becoming a sergeant, and perhaps he might ultimately get a commission. But, to tell the truth, he did not feel the heart to start in life a second time. If there were a war, indeed, he might probably be reinstated in the grade he had lost, and at any rate he should have the satisfaction of serving his king and country. But in peace a

military life was quite another thing, and he had found it very wearisome being in garrison at Paris when he was in the Imperial Guard. On the whole, he thought as it had been God's will to restore him to his native place and to his old father, it was his will he should stay and pass the rest of his life with him. Not that he was necessary to his father —

"Here he paused, as if he were overwhelmed with sad thoughts; and finished by saying, —

"'It is a hard case, master, at thirty years of age to see all one's life rubbed out, as it were, and find nothing of it left! At thirty, one can't begin life again.'

"This was true. I could not deny it, and I did not like to assent to it; so I turned to resume my walk. He took me by the hand—whether to shake it, or to stop me, I do not know; but, shouldering his hoe, he accompanied me home.

"From that time forward he came much oftener to see me; and as we had struck upon the right chord, we got on harmoniously together. Although he was rough, and had not much book learning, there is no saying how much the education of circumstances and active life had done towards forming his mind. I never found any one, in spite of the difference of age and profession, whose society suited me better

than his. Poor Toniotto! Those two remarks he had made, that he was necessary to nobody, and that he could not begin life anew at thirty, weighed on my mind; and all the more, that I had observed it myself of other conscripts. Those who came back at five and twenty set to easily and resumed their country life, and thought no more of the past; but those who had seen ten or twelve years' service could not adapt themselves to the change. Some clung to their former life, and tried to return to it, and made idle lamentations over the alteration the peace had made. Some stuck to their attempt, staid at home, and died. They did not know of what, but I verily believe of mere weariness and *ennui*. I always advised these men to marry, and exerted myself to find matches for them, without caring for the jokes made against me as 'match-maker general.' I let them talk. This was the only way I saw of giving these men a new interest in life. And a wife (when you get a good one) and children (who are all good) are as balsam for all wounds, and might bring a man back from the edge of the grave. But what was left for poor Toniotto to do? To tell the truth, the idea of his marrying did occur to me, but I never ventured to speak of it openly. Once or twice, when I alluded to it distantly, he did not understand what I was after;

and when at last he did see my meaning, he left me with such an air of ill humor and displeasure as I never saw in him before; and it was full a fortnight before I could get hold of him to have a talk again.

"I saw a change in the poor fellow almost from day to day; the weaker he grew the more he struggled against it, but it was plain this could not go on long. Without saying any thing about it to him, I went to town, and having some interest with the colonel of a regiment, endeavored to get him to reinstate Toniotto as a non-commissioned officer; he gave me some hope, and I returned to tell him the news. But he only thanked me with a melancholy smile, and said he had no wish for it; and I could see that his weak bodily state had enfeebled his mind. So that even if it had been clearly right and necessary to take this step, he would hardly have had the resolution to do it. I believe I was the only person, except, perhaps, Maria, who perceived how he was failing. He made no complaints, and never left off work or spared himself at all, which, no doubt, helped to make him worse; but he never would rest, unless now and then when he thought himself quite alone, as I had surprised him that first time, which I now did again sometimes on purpose. Six months passed away, and he had become like a skeleton. The winter

had set in, but he could not remain idle at home, and he went less and less often to Maria's.

"As soon as ever the snow was off the ground, he took his hoe and set to work upon the vines planted amongst the tufa, the hardest work of all. I once got the doctor to come and see him, as if by chance, and he told him he might get well if he would leave off hard work, and not overtire himself. But he answered, then, 'Once I get to keep my bed, I shall never leave it.' And so it turned out. He caught a cold, or something which forced him to keep the house, and the fever soon became so violent that he sent by the same messenger for the doctor and for me, that I might confess him.

"And confess him I did, blessed be his soul! and afterwards he asked my leave to see Maria and Francesco; but on my saying, 'Poor woman! what good would it be?' he answered, 'Perhaps you are right; yet take care she does not come. I know I am a poor weak creature, but I shan't want strength much longer.'

"He received the sacrament; and on the third day I gave him extreme unction. I found a lock of Maria's hair hanging round his neck. 'Take it off,' said he; 'perhaps I have done wrong in wearing it since I came home. This, and the little book of prayers you gave me when I first went away, have gone every where

with me, and helped to keep my heart warm in Russia. Keep them and my two crosses, for my sake.'

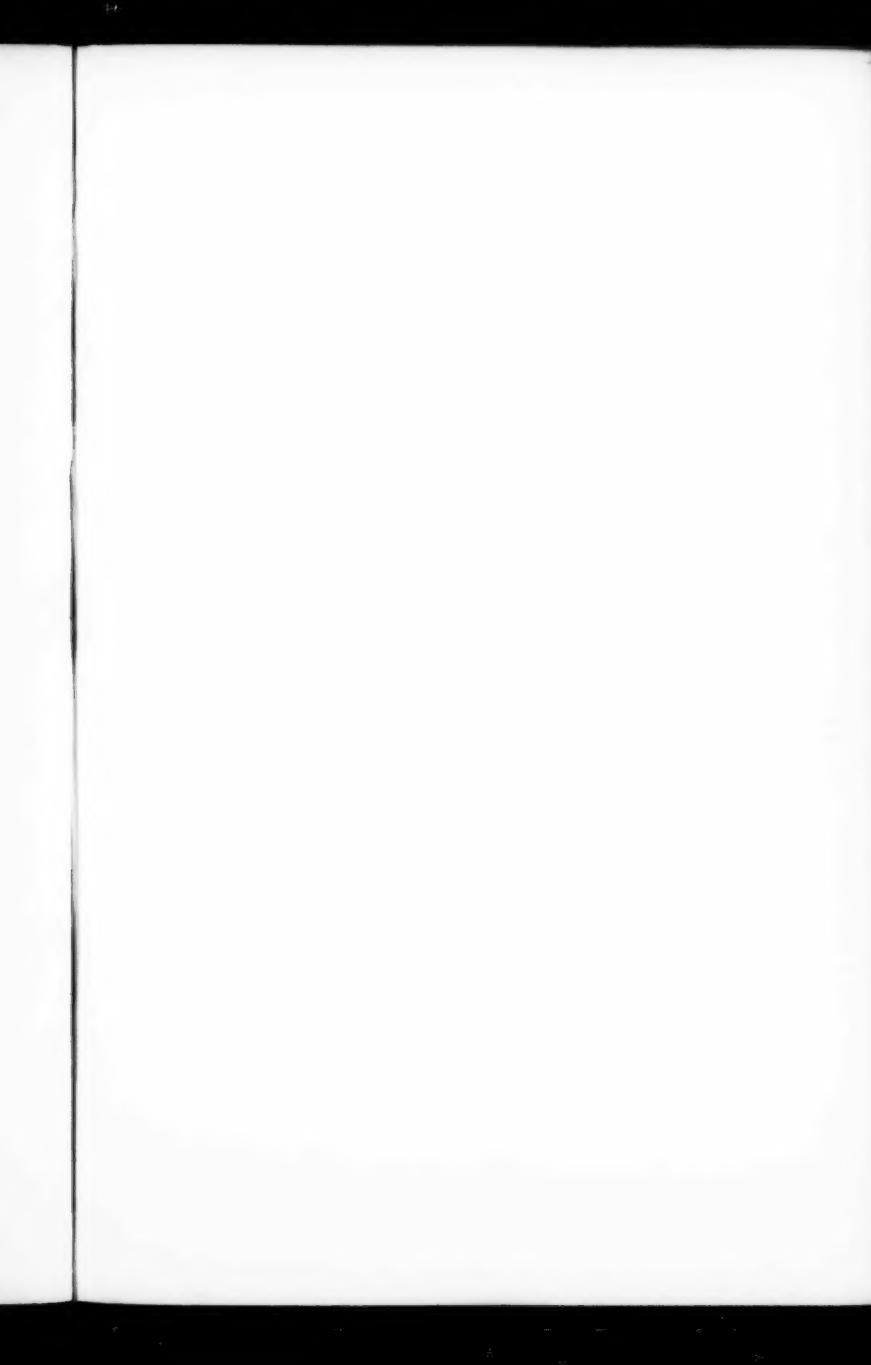
"He pulled the prayer book and the crosses from under his pillow: half an hour after he became insensible, and so died in about an hour more.

"That was what made me leave that part of the country. I served afterwards as chaplain in the very regiment into which I had tried to get Toniotto."

"And what became of Maria?" asked some of the audience.

"Maria lived for four years after him; and about six months ago I was sent for, and returned to the village, to administer the last sacraments to her. She departed in peace."

So saying, the schoolmaster rose and walked out into the garden, and one after another his hearers dispersed. Some had been moved by his story; others said that this sort of thing happened every day, only one didn't think of it, and that they didn't call it much of a story. However, no one thought of renewing the dispute: the subject dropped, and that had been the intention of the good schoolmaster.







ELINORE.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

SHE stood beside the sea shore weeping,
While above her stars were keeping
Vigils o'er the silent deep ;
While all others, wearied, slumbered,
She the passing moments numbered,
She a faithful watch did keep.

Him she loved had long departed,
And she wandered broken hearted,
Breathing songs he loved to hear.
Friends did gather round to win her,
But the thoughts that burnt within her
Were to her most fond and dear.

In her hand she held bright flowers,
Culled from Nature's fairest bowers ;
On her brow, from moor and heath,
Bright green leaves and flowers did cluster,
Borrowing resplendent lustre
From the eyes that shone beneath.

Rose the whisper, "She is crazy,"
When she plucked the blooming daisy,
 Braiding it within her hair;
But they knew not what of gladness
Mingled with her notes of sadness,
 As she laid it gently there.

For her Lillian, ere he started,
While she still was happy hearted,
 Clipped a daisy from its stem,
Placed it in her hair, and told her,
Till again he should behold her,
 That should be her diadem.

At the seaside she was roaming,
When the waves were madly foaming,
 And when all was calm and mild,
Singing songs,—she thought *he* listened,—
And each dancing wave that glistened
 Loved she as a little child.

For she thought in every motion
Of the ceaseless, moving ocean,
 She could see her Lillian's hand
Stretched towards the shore imploring,
Where she stood, like one adoring,
 Beckoning to a better land.

When the sun was brightly shining,
When the daylight was declining,
On the shore she'd watch and wait,
Like an angel heaven-descending,
'Mid the ranks of mortals wending,
Searching for a missing mate.

Years passed on, and when the morning
Of a summer's day gave warning
Of the sweets it held in store,
By the dancing waves surrounded,
Like a fairy one she bounded
To her Lillian's arms once more.

Villagers thus tell the story,
And they say a light of glory
Hovereth above the spot
Where days and years she waited,
With a love all unabated,
And a faith that faltered not.

There's a stone that is uplifted,
Where the wild sea flowers have drifted ;
Fonder words no stone ere bore ;
And the waves come up to greet them,
Seeming often to repeat them,
While afar their echoes roar —
"DEATHLESS LOVE OF ELINORE."

THE GAMBLER'S LAST STAKE.

A SCENE IN MADRID.

IN an inner room of his counting house, which occupied a wing of his splendid mansion in the Calle Alcalá, sat Don José Solano, one of the richest bankers in Madrid, ruminating with much self-complacency upon the profitable results of a recent speculation. He was interrupted in his meditations by the entrance of one of his clerks ushering in a stranger, who brought a letter of introduction from a banker at Mexico, with whom Don José had had occasional transactions. The letter stated that the bearer, the Conde de Valleja, was of a highly-respected family of Mexican nobility, that he was desirous of visiting Europe, and more especially the country of his ancestors, Spain; and it then went on to recommend him in the strongest terms to the Madrid banker, as one whose intimacy and friendship could not fail to be sought after by all who became acquainted with his many excellent and agreeable qualities.

The appearance of the count seemed to justify, as far as appearance can do, the high terms in which he was spoken of in this letter. He was about eight and twenty years of age, dark complexioned, with a high, clear forehead, short, crisp, curling hair, an intelligent and regular countenance, and a smile of singular beauty and fascination. His eyes were the only feature which could be pronounced otherwise than extremely pleasing; although large, black, and lustrous, they had a certain fixity and hardness of expression that produced an unpleasant impression upon the beholder, and would, perhaps, have been more disagreeable had not the mellow tones of the count's voice, and his suavity and polish of manner, served in great measure to counteract the effect of this peculiarity.

Doing due honor to the strong recommendation of his esteemed correspondent, Don José welcomed the young Conde with the utmost hospitality, insisted on taking possession of him for the whole of the day, and, without allowing him to return to his hotel, dragged him into the house, presented him to his son and daughter, and charged them to use their utmost exertions to entertain their guest, while he himself returned to his occupations till dinner time. At one o'clock the old banker reappeared in the sala, where

he found Rafael and Mariquita Solano listening with avidity to the agreeable conversation of the count, who, in his rich and characteristic Mexican Spanish, was giving them the most interesting details concerning the country he had recently left. The magnificence of Mexican scenery, the peculiarities of the Indian races, the gorgeous vegetation and strange animals of the tropics, formed the subjects of his discourse, not a little interesting to a young man of three and twenty, and a girl of eighteen, who had never as yet been fifty leagues away from Madrid. Nor had the stranger's conversation less charms for the old banker. Valleja had been at the Havana; was acquainted with scenes, if not with persons, with which were associated some of Don José's most agreeable reminiscences — scenes that he had visited in the days of his youth, when he laid the first foundation of his princely fortune. To be brief: the agreeable manners and conversation of the count so won upon father, son, and daughter, that when, at nightfall, he rose to take his leave, the banker put his house *á su disposicion*, and followed up what is usually a mere verbal compliment, by insisting upon Valleja's taking up his abode with him during his stay in Madrid. Valleja raised many difficulties on the score of the inconveniences or trouble he might occasion; but they

were all overruled, and the contest of politeness terminated in the count's accepting the hospitality thus cordially pressed upon him. The very next day he was installed in a splendid apartment in the house of Don José.

Several days, even weeks, elapsed, during which Valleja continued to be the inmate of the Casa Solano. He appeared very well pleased with his quarters, and, on the other hand, his hosts found no reason to regret the hospitality shown him. He soon became the spoiled child of the family; Don José could not make a meal without Valleja was there to chat with him about the Havana; Rafael was the inseparable companion of his walks, rides, and out-door diversions; while the blooming Mariquita never seemed so happy as when the handsome Mexican was seated beside her embroidery frame, conversing with her in his low, soft tones, or singing to the accompaniment of her guitar some of the wild melodies of his native country. Indeed, so marked were the count's attentions to the young girl, and so favorably did she receive them, that more than one officious or well-meaning friend hinted to Don José the propriety of instituting some inquiry into the circumstances and antecedents of a man, who, it seemed not improbable, might eventually aspire to become his son-in-law. But

the banker's prepossession in favor of Valleja was so strong that he gave little heed to these hints, contenting himself with writing to his correspondent at Mexico, expressing the pleasure he had had in making the count's acquaintance, and receiving him as an inmate in his house; but without asking for any information concerning him. In fact, the letter Valleja had brought was such as to render any further inquiries nearly superfluous. It mentioned the count as of a noble and respected family, and credited him to the amount of ten thousand dollars, a sum of sufficient importance to make it presumable that his means were ample.

Before Valleja had been three days at Madrid, he had obtained his *entrée* to a house at which a number of idlers and fashionables were in the habit of meeting to play *monté*, the game of all others most fascinating to the Spaniard. Thither he used to repair each afternoon, accompanied by Rafael Solano, and there he soon made himself remarked by his judgment in play, and by the cool indifference with which he lost and won very considerable sums. For some time he was exceedingly successful. Every stake he put down doubled itself; he seemed to play with charmed money; and the bankers trembled when they saw him approach the table, and after a glance at the

state of the game, place a pile of golden ounces on a card, which almost invariably won the very next moment. This lasted several days, and he began to be considered as invincible, when suddenly his good fortune deserted him, and he lost as fast, or faster, than he had previously won; so that, after a fortnight of incessant bad luck, it was estimated by certain old gamblers, who had taken an interest in watching his proceedings, that he had lost not only all his winnings, but a very considerable sum in addition. Rafael, who rarely played, and then only for small stakes, urged his friend to discontinue a game which he found so losing; but Valleja laughed at his remonstrances, and treated his losses as trifling ones, which a single day's good fortune might retrieve. Gambling is scarcely looked upon as a vice in Spain, and young Solano saw nothing unusual or blamable in the count's indulging in his afternoon *juego*, or in his losing his money if it so pleased him, and if he thought an hour or two's excitement worth the large sums which it usually cost him. Indeed, the circumstance of their visits to the gaming room appeared to him so unimportant, that it never occurred to him to mention it to his father or sister; and they, on their part, never dreamed of inquiring in what way the young men passed the few hours of the day during which they absented themselves from their society.

The *monté* table which Valleja was in the habit of frequenting was situated on the third floor of a house in a narrow street leading out of the Calle Alcala, within two or three hundred yards of the Casa Solano. Amongst the persons to be met there were many of the richest and highest in Madrid: generals and ministers, counts and marquises, and even grantees of Spain were in the habit of repairing thither to while away the long winter evenings or the sultriness of the summer day; and the play was proportionate to the high rank and great opulence of most of the players. The bank was held, as is customary in Spain, by the person who offered to put in the largest sum, the keeper of the room being remunerated by a certain tax upon the cards; a tax which, in this instance, was a heavy one, in order to compensate for the luxury displayed in the decoration and arrangements of the establishment. The three rooms were fitted up in the most costly manner: the walls lined with magnificent pier glasses; the floor covered in winter with rich carpets, and in summer with the finest Indian matting; the furniture was of the newest French fashion. Splendid chandeliers hung from the ceiling; musical clocks stood upon the side tables; the gilt balconies were filled with the rarest exotics and flowering plants. Two of the rooms were

devoted to play; in the third, ices and refreshments awaited the parched throats of the feverish gamblers.

On a scorching June afternoon, about a month after Valleja arrived at Madrid, the Mexican and Rafael left Don José's dwelling, and bent their steps in the usual direction. While ascending the well-worn stairs of the gaming house, young Solano could not forbear addressing a remonstrance to his friend on the subject of his losses. Although the count's perfect command over himself and his countenance made it very difficult for so young and inexperienced a man as Rafael to judge of what was passing in his mind, the latter, nevertheless, fancied that for three or four days past there had been a change in his demeanor, denoting uneasiness and anxiety. It was not that he was duller or more silent; on the contrary, his conversation was, perhaps, more brilliant and varied, his laugh louder and more frequent, than usual, but there was a hollowness in the laugh, and a strained tone in the conversation, as if he were compelling himself to be gay in order to drive away painful thoughts — intoxicating himself with many words and forced merriment. Rafael attributed this to the annoyance caused by his heavy losses, and now urged him to discontinue his visits to the *monté*

table, at least for a time, or until his luck became better. The count met the suggestion with a smile.

"My dear Rafael," cried he, gayly, "you surely do not suppose that the loss of a few hundred miserable ounces would be sufficient to annoy me for a moment? As to abandoning play, we should be puzzled then to pass the idle hour or two following the siesta. Besides that, it amuses me. But do not make yourself uneasy; I shall do myself no harm, and, moreover, I intend this very day to win back all my losings: I feel in the vein."

"I heartily hope you may do as you intend," said Rafael, laughing, quite reassured by his friend's careless manner; and, as he uttered the words, the count pushed open the door, and they entered the *monté* room.

The game was already in full activity, and the play very high; the table strewn with the showy Spanish cards, on which, instead of the spades and diamonds familiar to most European card players, suns and vases, sabres and horses, were depicted in various and brilliant colors. An officer of the royal guard and a dry, snuffy old marquis held the bank, which had been very successful. Large piles of ounces and of four and eight dollar pieces were on the green cloth before

them, as well as a roll of paper nearly treble the value of the specie. Twenty or thirty players were congregated round the table, while a few unfortunates, whose pockets had already been emptied, were solacing themselves with their cigars, and occasionally indulging in an oath or impatient stamp of the foot, when they saw a card come up which they would certainly have backed—had they had money so to do. Two or three idlers were sitting on the low sills of the long French windows, reading newspapers and enjoying the fragrance of the flowers; protected from the reflected glare of the opposite houses, on which the sun was darting its rays, by awnings of striped linen that fell from above the windows, and hung over the outside of the small semicircular balconies.

After standing for a few minutes at the table, and staking a doubloon, which he instantly lost, Rafael Solano took up a paper, and threw himself into an arm chair, while Valleja remained watching with keen attention the various fluctuations of the cards. For some time he did not join the game, rather to the astonishment of the other players, who were accustomed to see him stake his money, as soon as he entered the room, with an unhesitating boldness and confidence. Half an hour passed in this manner, and the presence of Valleja was beginning to be forgotten.

when he suddenly drew a heavy rouleau of gold from his pocket and placed it upon a card. The game went on; Valleja lost, and with his usual *sang froid* saw his stake thrown into the bank. Another followed, and a third, and a fourth. In four *coups* he had lost three thousand dollars. Still not a sign of excitement or discomposure appeared upon the handsome countenance of the Mexican; only an officer who was standing by him observed, that a pack of the thin Spanish cards, which he had been holding in his hands, fell to the ground, torn completely in halves by one violent wrench.

The four high stakes, so boldly played and so rapidly lost, riveted the observation of the gamblers upon Valleja's proceedings. Every body crowded round the table, and even the slight buzz of conversation, that had before been heard, totally ceased. His attention attracted by this sudden stillness, Rafael rose from his chair and joined his friend. A glance at the increased wealth of the bank, and the eagerness with which all seemed to be awaiting Valleja's movements, made him conjecture what had occurred.

"You have lost," said he to the count, "and heavily, I fear. Come, that will do for to-day. Let us go."

"Pshaw!" replied the Mexican, "a mere trifle,

which you shall see me win back." And then turning to the banker, who was just commencing a deal,—

"*Copo*," said he, "the king against the ace."

For the uninitiated in the mysteries of *monté* it may be necessary to state, that by uttering these words Valleja bound himself, if an ace came up before a king, to pay an equal amount to that in the bank, as well as all the winnings of those who had backed the ace. If, on the other hand, the king won, the whole capital of the bank was his, as well as the stakes of those who bet against him.

"*Copo al rey*."

There was a general murmur of astonishment. The bank was the largest that had been seen in that room since a certain memorable night, when King Ferdinand himself, being out upon one of the nocturnal frolics in which he so much delighted, had come up in disguise with an officer of his household, and lost a sum that had greatly advantaged the bankers and sorely diminished the contents of his Catholic majesty's privy purse. There were at least thirty thousand dollars on the table in gold and paper, and besides that, scarcely had the Mexican uttered the name of the card he favored, when, on the strength of his previous ill luck, some of the players put down nearly half as much more against it. The two bankers

looked at each other; the guardsman shrugged his shoulders and elevated his eyebrows. Both movements were so slight as to be scarcely perceptible; but they were, nevertheless, excellently well observed and understood by his partner, the high-dried old marquis, sitting opposite to him, who laid the pack of cards upon the table, their face to the cloth, and, after placing a piece of money on them to prevent their being disturbed by any chance puff of wind, opened his gold box and took a prodigious pinch of snuff. Having done this with much deliberation, he let his hands fall upon his knees, and leaned back in his chair with a countenance expressive of inexhaustible patience. The players waited for nearly a minute, but then began to grow impatient of the delay. At the first question put to the marquis, as to its motive, he waived his hand towards Valleja.

"I am waiting for the Señor Conde," said he.

"For me?" replied Valleja. "It is unnecessary."

"There are about twenty thousand dollars in the bank," said the marquis, leaning forward, and affecting to count the rouleaus lying before him, "and some eight thousand staked by these gentlemen. Will your señoría be pleased to place a similar sum upon the table?"

Several of the gamblers exchanged significant glances and half smiles. The rule of the game required the player who endeavored, as Valleja was doing, to annihilate the bank at one fell swoop, to produce a sum equal to that which he had a chance of carrying off. At the same time, in societies like this one, where the players were all, more or less, known to each other,—all men of rank, name, and fortune,—it was not unusual to play this sort of decisive *coup* upon parole, and, if lost, the money was invariably forthcoming the same day.

Valleja smiled bitterly.

"I thought I had been sufficiently known here," said he, "to be admitted to the same privilege as other players. Rafael," added he, turning to his friend and handing him a key, "your father's ten thousand dollars have melted, but I have a packet of notes and current securities to considerably more than the needful amount, in the brass-bound box, in my apartment. Will you have the kindness to fetch them for me? I do not wish to interrupt my observation of the game."

"With pleasure!" replied Rafael, taking the key, and eager to oblige his friend.

"And, perhaps," continued Valleja, smiling, and detaining him as he was about to hasten out of the

room, "perhaps you will not object to tell these gentlemen, that, until you return with the money, they may take Luis Valleja's word for the sum he wishes to play."

"Most assuredly I will," answered the young man, hastily, "and I am only sorry that the señor marquis should have thought it advisable to put any thing resembling a slight upon a friend of mine and my father's. Gentlemen," he continued, to the bankers, "I offer you my guaranty for the sum Count Valleja is about to play."

The old marquis bowed his head.

"That is quite sufficient, Don Rafael," said he. "I have the honor of knowing you perfectly well. His señoría, the Count Valleja, is only known to me as Count Valleja, and I am certain that, on reflection, neither he nor you will blame me for acting as I do, when so heavy a sum is at stake."

Don Rafael left the room. The formal marquis removed the piece of money from off the pack, and took up the cards with as much dry indifference as if he were no way concerned in the result of the important game that was about to be played. Valleja sauntered to the window, humming a tune between his teeth, and stepping out, pushed the awning a little aside, and leaned over the balcony.

The banker began to draw the cards, one after the other, slowly and deliberately. Nearly half the pack was dealt out, without a king or an ace appearing. The players and lookers on were breathless with anxiety; the fall of a pin would have been audible; the tune, which the count continued to hum from his station on the balcony, was heard, in the stillness that reigned, as distinctly as though it had been thundered out by a whole orchestra. Another card, and another, was drawn, and then — the decisive one appeared. The silence was immediately exchanged for a tumult of words and exclamations.

"*Que es eso?*" said Valleja, turning half round, and smelling, as he spoke, at a superb flower, which he had just plucked from one of the plants in the balcony. "What's the matter?"

"The ace" — said the person nearest the window, who then paused and hesitated.

"Well!" said Valleja, with a sneer, "the ace — what then? It has won, I suppose."

"It has won."

"*Muy bien.* It was to be expected it would, since I went on the king." And, turning round again, he resumed his tune and his gaze into the street.

"*Ha de ser rico,*" said the Spaniard to another of the players. "He must be rich. It would be difficult

to take the loss of thirty thousand dollars more coolly than that."

Five minutes elapsed, during which the bankers were busy counting out their bank, in order to see the exact sum due to them by the unfortunate loser. When the jingle of money and rustle of paper ceased, Valleja looked round for the second time.

"How much is there, señores?" cried he.

"Thirty thousand four hundred and thirty dollars, Señor Conde," replied the old marquis, with a bow of profound respect for one who could bear such a loss with such admirable indifference.

"Very good," was the count's answer; "and here comes the man who will pay it you."

Accordingly, the next minute, a hasty step was heard upon the stairs. All eyes were turned to the door, which opened, and Rafael Solano entered.

"Where is the count?" exclaimed he, in a hurried voice, and with a discomposed countenance.

Again every head was turned towards the window; but the count had disappeared. At the same moment, from the street below, which was a quiet and unfrequented one, there arose an unusual uproar and noise of voices. The *monté* players rushed to the windows, and saw several persons collected round a man whom they were raising from the ground. His skull was

frightfully fractured, and the pavement around sprinkled with his blood. Rafael and some others hurried down; but, before they reached the street, Count Luis Valleja had expired. The gambler's last stake had been his life.

When young Solano reached his father's house, and, repairing to the count's apartment, opened the desk of which Valleja had given him the key, he found that it contained neither notes nor any thing else of value, but merely a few worthless papers. Astonished at this, and, in spite of his prepossession in favor of the count, feeling his suspicions a little roused by what he could hardly consider an oversight, he hurried back to the *monté* room, where his arrival served as the signal for the catastrophe that has been related.

The same evening, the amount lost was paid by Rafael Solano into the hands of the winners. The following day, the body of the count was privately interred.

After the lapse of a few weeks, there came a letter from Mexico, in reply to the one which Don José Solano had written to announce the arrival of Valleja. His Mexican correspondent wrote in all haste, anxious, if still possible, to preserve Don José from becoming the dupe of a swindler. "The Conde de Valleja," he

said, "was the last and unworthy scion of a noble and once respected family. From his early youth he had made himself remarkable as well for the vices of his character as for the skill with which he concealed them under a mask of agreeable accomplishments and fascinating manners. His father, dying shortly after he became of age, had left him the uncontrolled master of his fortune, which he speedily squandered; and when it was gone, he lived, for some time, by the exercise of his wits, and by preying on all who were sufficiently credulous to confide in him. At length, having exhausted every resource, — when no man of honor would speak to him, and no usurer lend him a maravedi at any rate of interest, — he had, by an unworthy artifice, duped the very last person who took any interest in him, out of a few hundred dollars, and taken ship at Vera Cruz for Europe."

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the letter of credit was a forgery.

THE TEMPLE OF THE ANGELS.

BY JOHN PATCH, ESQ.

'Tis said, when God first made the world,
Earth's veins ran streams of liquid gold;
And the bright courts of paradise
Were paved with priceless gems untold.

Scarce ceased the "song of morning stars,"
That ushered in the primal day,
Ere from their burning thrones to earth
An angel host quick winged their way,—

To build a consecrated fane,
Where men and angels might unite
To worship God in holiness,
And sing his praise by day and night.

On gold foundations, deeply laid,
Bright quarried diamonds they pile;
Mingled with precious stones and pearls,
Gathered from earth's remotest isle.

So quick is angel work divine,
That, ere the second sun had set,
The tower and columned roof arose,
Crowned by a crystal parapet.

Within—beneath the vaulted dome
Of amethyst cerulean blue—
Bright, clustering constellations shone,
As shone the stars when earth was new.

The angels viewed it with delight,
And God a day had set apart,
To meet therein his favored ones,
Who serve him with a perfect heart.

But ere it came man recreant fell,
And joined death's foul, black-bannered host;
And with him fell the angel fane,
And man's proud legacy was lost.

Deep hid — by earthquakes swallowed up —
The "Temple of the Angels" lay,
While round were "cherubs' flaming swords,
That turned to guard it every way."

At length, when to the centre riven,
The world was by the flood o'erthrown,
Scattered beneath the cope of heaven,
The ruined fane in fragments shone.

Hence all the stones we precious deem —
And all the jewels from abroad —
With which again shall be rebuilt
Zion, the city of our God.

THE STOLEN CHILD.

It was towards the commencement of the month of December, 1825, that I was going down the Mississippi in the steamboat *Feliciana*. We had arrived in the neighborhood of Hopefield, Hampstead county, when one of our paddles struck against a sawyer,* and was broken to pieces. We were obliged, in consequence, to cast anchor before the town.

Hopefield is a small town on the west bank of the river, about six hundred miles above New Orleans, and five hundred below the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi. It consisted, at the time of which I speak, of about fifteen houses, two of which were taverns and shops of the usual kind found in such places — their stock in trade consisting of a cask or two of whiskey, a couple of dozen knives and forks, a

* The local name for large tree trunks which get partially buried in the mud, one end sticking up just below the surface of the water. They cause frequent accidents to the steamboats on the Mississippi.

ew colored handkerchiefs, some earthen ware, lead, powder, and the like. Our party was composed of ten ladies, the same number of young men, and several elderly gentlemen. Nothing appears so desirable, during a long voyage in a river steamboat, as a stroll upon shore; and, as there was nothing to be done at Hopetown, the proposal of one of our number to take a ramble in the forest was met with unqualified approbation by all the young men. We equipped ourselves each with a rifle, and a bottle of wine or brandy, to keep the vapors of the swamps out of our throats; the son of one of the tavern keepers, who offered himself as a guide, was loaded with a mighty ham and a bag of biscuits, which we procured from the steamboat; and thus provided, we sallied forth on our expedition, attended by the good wishes of the ladies, who accompanied us a few hundred yards into the wood, and then left us to pursue our march.

I have often had occasion to notice, that the first entrance into one of our vast American forests is apt to reduce the greatest talker to silence. In the present instance, I found the truth of this remark fully confirmed. Whether it was the subdued half light of the luxuriant wilderness through which we were passing, the solemn stillness, only broken by the rustling of the dead leaves under our feet, or the colossal

dimensions of the mighty trees, that rose like so many giants around us, that wrought upon the imagination, I cannot say; but it is certain that my companions, who were mostly from the Northern States, and had never before been beyond Albany or the Saratoga Springs, became at once silent, and almost sad. The leaves of the cotton tree, that giant of the southwestern forests, had already assumed the tawny hues of latter autumn; only here and there a streak of sunbeam, breaking through the canopy of branches that spread over our heads, brought out the last tints of green, now fast fading away, and threw a strange sparkling ray, a bar of light, across our path. Here was a magnolia with its snow-white blossoms, or a catalpa with its long cucumber-shaped fruit, amongst which the bright-hued redbirds and paroquets glanced and fluttered.

We walked for some time through the forest, amused more than once by the proceedings of two young clerks from Boston, who saw a wild animal in every thicket, and repeatedly levelled their guns at some bear or panther, which turned out to be neither more nor less than a bush or tree stump. They pestered our guide with all sorts of simple questions, which he, with a true backwoodsman's indifference, left for the most part unanswered. After about an

hour, we found ourselves on the borders of a long and tolerably wide swamp, formed by the overflowings of the river, and which stretched for some five miles from north to south, with a broad patch of clear bright-green water in the centre. The western bank was covered with a thick growth of palmettoes, the favorite cover of deer, bears, and even panthers; and this cover we resolved to beat. We divided ourselves into two parties, the first of which, consisting of the New Englanders, and accompanied by the guide, was to go round the northern extremity of the swamp, while we were to take a southerly direction, and both to meet behind the marsh, on a certain path which led through a thicket of wild plum trees and acacias. Our guide's instructions were not the clearest, and the landmarks he gave us were only intelligible to a thorough backwoodsman; but as too many questions would probably have puzzled him, without making matters clearer to us, we set off, trusting to our eyes and ears, and to the pocket compasses with which several of us were provided.

After another hour's walk, during which we had seen nothing but wild pigeons and squirrels, and a few moccason snakes warming themselves in the sunbeams,—which latter, on our approach, drew hastily back under the heaps of dry leaves,—we arrived at

the southern extremity of the swamp. Proceeding a short distance westward, we then took a northerly direction, along the edge of the palmetto field, with the marsh upon our right hand. It was a sort of canebrake we were passing through, firm footing, and with grass up to our knees; the shore of the swamp or lake was overgrown with lofty cedars, shooting out of water four or five feet deep, which reflected their circular crowns. The broad streak of water looked like a huge band of satin, and the slightest motion of the leaves was immediately perceptible in the mirror beneath them. From time to time, the least possible breeze rustled through the trees, and curled the water with a tiny ripple. The water itself was of the brightest emerald-green; and the forest of palmetto stems, that grew along the edge, was reflected in it like myriads of swords and lances. In the small creeks and inlets, flocks of swans, pelicans, and wild geese were sunning themselves, and pluming their feathers for their winter flight. They allowed us to come within a score of paces of them, and then flew away with a rushing, whirring noise.

We had been for some time plodding patiently along, when our attention was suddenly attracted by a slow but continued rustling amongst the palmettoes. Something was, evidently, cautiously approaching us,

but whether panther, stag, or bear, we could not tell; probably the last. We gave a glance at our rifles, cocked them, and pressed a few paces forward amongst the canes; when suddenly a bound and a cracking noise, which grew rapidly more distant, warned us that the animal had taken the alarm. One of our companions, who had as yet never seen a bear hunt, ran forward as fast as the palmettoes would allow him, and was soon out of sight. Unfortunately we had no dogs, and after half an hour's fruitless beating about, during which we started another animal, within sight or shot of which we were unable to get, we became convinced that we should have to meet our friends empty handed. It was now time to proceed to the place of rendezvous, on the farther side of the palmetto field, which was about half a mile wide. The man who had gone after the bear had rejoined us, and from him we learned that the brake was bordered on the western side by a dense thicket of wild plum, apple, and acacia trees, through which there was not the least sign of a path. On arriving there, we saw that his account was a correct one; and, to add to our difficulties, the nature of the ground in our front now changed, and the canebrake sank down into a sort of swampy bottom, extending to the northern extremity of the lake. Our situation was an embarrassing

one. Before us, an impassable swamp; to our right, water; to our left, an impenetrable thicket; and four hours out of the eight that had been allotted to us already elapsed. There seemed nothing to be done but to retrace our steps; but, before doing so, we resolved to make a last effort to find a path. To this end we separated, taking different directions, and for nearly half an hour we wandered through the thicket, amongst bushes and brambles, tearing and scratching ourselves to no purpose. At last, when I for one was about to abandon the search in despair, a loud hurrah gave notice that the path was found. We were soon all grouped around the lucky discoverer; but to our considerable disappointment, instead of finding him at the entrance of the wished-for road, we beheld him gravely contemplating a cow, which was cropping the grass quite undisturbed by our approach. Nevertheless, this was no bad find, if we could only ascertain whether it was a stray cow, that had wandered far from its home, or a beast of regular habits, that passed each night in its master's cow house. An Ohioan solved the question, by pointing out that the animal had evidently been milked that morning; and as we were debating how we should induce Brindle to proceed in the direction of its domicile, he settled that difficulty also, by firing

off his rifle so close to the beast's tail, that the bullet carried off a patch of hair, and grazed the skin. The cow gave a tremendous spring, and rushed through a thicket, as if a score of wolves had been at its heels. We followed, and the brute led us to a tolerably good path through the wilderness, which we had thought impenetrable. It was doubtless the path that was to take us to the appointed place of meeting; and we now slackened our pace, and followed the cow's trail more leisurely. We had proceeded about a mile, when a strong light in the distance made us aware that we were coming to a clearing; and on arriving at the place, we found several maize fields enclosed by hedges, and a log house, the smoking chimney of which bespoke the presence of inhabitants.

The dwelling was pleasantly situated on a gentle slope, roofed with clapboards, and having stables and other outhouses in its rear, such as one usually finds in backwood settlements of the more comfortable kind. Peach trees were trailed against the house, in front of which stood some groups of papaws. The whole place had a rural and agreeable aspect.

We were scarcely within the hedge that surrounded the domain, when a brace of bull dogs rushed upon us with open jaws. We were keeping off the furious

brutes with some difficulty, when a man came out of the barn, and, upon seeing us, again entered it. After a few moments, he appeared for a second time, in company with two negroes, who were leading by the horns the very same cow which we had so uncere- moniously compelled to become our guide. We greeted the man with a "good morning;" but he made no answer, merely gazing hard at us with a cold, sullen look. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, powerful man with an expressive, but extraordinarily sad, gloomy, and almost repulsive countenance. There was a rest- less excitement of manner about him, which struck us at the very first glance.

"A fine morning," said I, approaching the stranger.

No answer. The man was holding the cow by one horn, and staring at the tail, from which a drop or two of blood was falling.

"How far is it from here to Hopetfield?" asked I.

"Far enough for you never to get there, if it's you who've been drivin' my cow," was the threaten- ing reply.

"And if we had driven your cow," said I, "you would surely not take it amiss? It was a mere accident."

"Such accidents don't often happen. People don't shoot cows, if they haven't a mind to eat other folk's beef."

"You do not suppose," said the Ohioman, "that we should wish to hurt your cow — we, who have no other intention but to shoot a few turkeys for the voyage. We are passengers by the *Felician*; one of our paddles is broken; and that is the reason that our boat is at anchor in front of Hopfield, and that we are here."

This circumstantial explanation seemed to produce little effect on the backwoodsman. He made no reply. We walked towards the house, and, on stepping in, found a woman there, who scarcely looked at us, or seemed aware of our entrance. There was the same appearance of fixed grief upon her countenance that we had remarked in the man; only with the difference, that the expression was less morose and fierce, but on the other hand more mournful.

"Can we have something to eat?" said I to the woman.

"We don't keep a tavern," was the answer.

"The other party cannot be far off," said one of my companions. "We will give them a sign of our whereabouts." And so saying, he passed out at the door, and walked a few paces in the direction of a cotton field.

"Stop!" cried the backwoodsman, suddenly, placing himself before him. "Not a step farther shall

you go, till you satisfy me who you are, and where from."

"Who and where from?" replied our comrade, a young doctor of medicine from Tennessee. "That is what neither you nor any other man shall know who asks after such a fashion. If I'm not mistaken, we are in a free country." And as he spoke he fired off his rifle.

The report of the piece was echoed so magnificently from the deep forests which surrounded the plantation, that my other companions raised their guns to their shoulders, with the intention of firing also. I made them a sign in time to prevent it. Although there could hardly be any real danger to be apprehended, it appeared to me advisable to hold ourselves prepared for whatever might happen. The next moment a shot was heard—the answer to our signal.

"Keep yourself quiet," said I to the backwoodsman; "our companions and their guide will soon be here. As to your cow, you can hardly have so little common sense as to suppose that five travellers would shoot a beast that must be perfectly useless to them."

As I left off speaking, there emerged from the forest our other detachment and the guide, the latter carrying two fat turkeys. He greeted the backwoodsman as an old acquaintance, but with a degree of

sympathy and compassion in the tone of his salutation which contrasted strangely with his usual rough, dry manner.

"Well, Mr. Clarke," said he, "heard nothing yet? I am sorry for it—very sorry."

The backwoodsman made no reply, but his rigid, sturdy mien softened, and his eyes, as I thought, glistened with moisture.

"Mistress Clarke," said our guide to the woman, who was standing at the house door, "these gentlemen here wish for a snack. They've plenty of every thing, if you'll be so good as to cook it."

The woman stood without making any reply; the man was equally silent. There was a sort of stubborn, surly manner about them, which I had never before witnessed in backwoods people.

"Well," said the doctor, "we need expect nothing here. We are only losing time. Let us sit down on a tree trunk, and eat our ham and biscuits."

The guide made us a significant sign, and then stepping up to the woman, spoke to her in a low and urgent tone. She did not, however, utter a word.

"Mistress," said the doctor, "something must have happened to you or your family, to put you so out of sorts. We are strangers, but we are not without feelings. Tell us what is wrong. There may be means of helping you."

The man looked up; the woman shook her head.

"What is it that troubles you?" said I, approaching her. "Speak out. Help often comes when least expected."

The woman made me no answer, but stepped up to our guide, took a turkey and the ham from him, and went into the house. We followed, sat down at the table, and produced our bottles. The backwoodsman placed glasses before us. We pressed him to join us, but he obstinately declined our invitation, and we at last became weary of wasting good words on him. Our party consisted, as before mentioned, of ten persons: two bottles were soon emptied; and we were beginning to get somewhat merry whilst talking over our morning's ramble, when our host suddenly got up from his seat in the chimney corner, and approached the table.

"Gemmen," said he, "you musn't think me uncivil if I tell you plainly, that I can have no noise made in my house. It an't a house to larf in—that it an't, by G—!" And having so spoken, he resumed his seat, leaned his head upon both hands, and relapsed into his previous state of gloomy reverie.

"We ask pardon," said we; "but really we had no idea that our cheerfulness could annoy you."

The man made no reply, and half an hour passed

away in whisperings and conjectures. At the end of that time, a negro girl came in to spread the table for our meal.

After much entreaty, our host and hostess were prevailed on to sit down with us. The former took a glass of brandy, and emptied it at a draught. We filled it again; he drank it off, and it was again replenished. After the third glass, a deep sigh escaped him. The cordial had evidently revived him.

"Gemmen," said he, "you will have thought me rough and stubborn enough, when I met you as you had been huntin' my cow; but I see now who I have to do with. But may I be shot myself, if, whenever I find him, I don't send a bullet through his body; and I'll be warrant it shall hinder his stealin' any more children."

"Steal children!" repeated I. "Has one of your negroes been stolen?"

"One of my niggers, man! My son, my only son! Her child!" continued he, pointing to his wife. "Our boy, the only one remaining to us out of five, whom the fever carried off before our eyes. As bold and smart a boy as any in the backwoods! Here we set ourselves down in the wilderness, worked day and night, went through toil and danger, hunger and thirst, heat and cold. And for what? Here we are alone,

deserted, childless ; with nothin' left for us but to pray and cry, to curse and groan. No help ; all in vain. I shall go out of my mind, I expect. If he were dead !—if he were lyin' under the hillock yonder, beside his brothers, I would say nothin'. *He* gave, and *He* has a right to take away ! But, Almighty God !" And the man uttered a cry so frightful, so heart-rending, that the knives and forks fell from our hands, and a number of negro women and children came rushing in to see what was the matter. We gazed at him in silence.

"God only knows," continued he, and his head sank upon his breast ; then suddenly starting up, he drank off glass after glass of brandy, as fast as he could pour it out.

"And how and when did this horrible theft occur ?" asked we.

"The woman can tell you about it," was the answer.

The woman had left the table, and now sat sobbing and weeping upon the bed. It was really a heart-breaking scene. The doctor got up, and led her to the table. We waited till she became more composed, anxiously expecting her account of this horrible calamity.

"It was four weeks yesterday," she began ; "Mister Clarke was in the forest ; I was in the fields, looking

after the people, who were gathering in the maize. I had been there some time, and by the sun it was already pretty near eleven; but it was as fine a morning as ever was seen on the Mississippi, and the niggers don't work well if there's not somebody to look after them; so I remained. At last it was time to get the people's dinner ready, and I left the field. I don't know what it was, but I had scarcely turned towards the house, when it seemed as if somebody called to me to run as fast as I could; a sort of fear and uneasiness came over me, and I ran all the way to the house. When I got there, I saw little Cesy, our black boy, sitting on the threshold, and playing all alone. I thought nothing of this, but went into the kitchen, without suspecting any thing wrong. As I was turning about amongst the pots and kettles, I thought suddenly of my Dougal. I threw down what I had in my hand, and ran to the door. Cesy came to meet me: 'Missi,' said he, 'Dougal is gone!'

"'Dougal is gone!'" cried I. 'Where is he gone to, Cesy?'

"'Don't know,'" said Cesy; 'gone away with a man on horseback.'

"'With a man on horseback?'" said I. 'In God's name, where can he be gone to? What does all this mean, Cesy?'

“‘Don’t know,’ said Cesy.

“‘And who was the man? Did he go willingly?’

“‘No, he didn’t go willingly,’ said Cesy; ‘but the man got off his horse, put Dougal upon it, and then jumped up behind him, and rode away.’

“‘And you don’t know the man?’

“‘No, missi.’

“‘Think again, Cesy,’ cried I; ‘for God’s sake, remember. Don’t you know the man?’

“‘No,’ said the child, ‘I don’t know him.’

“‘Didn’t you see what he looked like? Was he black or white?’

“‘I don’t know,’ said Cesy, crying; ‘he had a red flannel shirt over his face.’

“‘Was it neighbor Syms, or Banks, or Medling, or Barnes?’

“‘No,’ whined Cesy.

“‘Gracious God!’ cried I. ‘What is this? What is become of my poor child?’ I ran backwards and forwards into the forest, through the fields. I called out. I looked every where. At last I ran to where the people were at work, and fetched Cesy’s mother. I thought she would be able to make him tell something more about my child. She ran to the house with me, promised him cakes, new clothes, every thing in the world; but he could tell nothing more

than he had already told me. At last Mr. Clarke came."

Here the woman paused, and looked at her husband.

"When I came home," continued the latter, "the woman was nearly distracted; and I saw directly that some great misfortune had happened. But I should never have guessed what it really was. When she told me, I said, to comfort her, that one of the neighbors must have taken the child away, though I didn't think it myself; for none of the neighbors would have allowed themselves such a freedom with my only child. I shouldn't have thanked 'em for it, I can tell you. I called Cesy, and asked him again what the man was like; if he had a blue or a black coat. He said it was blue. 'What sort of a horse?' 'A brown one.' 'What road he had taken?' 'That road,' answered the boy, pointing to the swamp. I sent all my niggers, men, women, and children, round to the neighbors, to seek for the child, and tell them what had happened. I myself followed the path that the robber had taken, and found hoof prints upon it. I tracked them to the creek, but there I lost the trail. The man must have got into a boat, with his horse and the child; had perhaps crossed the Mississippi, or perhaps gone down the stream. Who could tell where he would land? It might be ten, twenty,

fifty, or a hundred miles lower down. I was terribly frightened, and I rode on to Hopefield. There nothing had been seen or heard of my child; but all the men got on their horses to help me to find him. The neighbors came also, and we sought about for a whole day and night. No trace or track was to be found. Nobody had seen either the child or the man who had carried him off. We beat the woods for thirty miles round my house, crossed the Mississippi, went up as far as Memphis, and down to Helena and the Yazoo River; nothing was to be seen or heard. We came back as we went out, empty handed and discouraged. When I got home, I found the whole county assembled at my house. Again we set out; again we searched the forest through; every hollow tree, every bush and thicket, was looked into. Of bears, stags, and panthers there were plenty, but no signs of my boy. On the sixth day I came home again; but my home was become hateful to me—every thing vexed and disgusted me. My clothes and skin were torn off by the thorns and briers; my very bones ached; but I didn't feel it. It was nothing to what I suffered in my mind.

“On the second day after my return, I was lying heart and body sick in bed, when one of the neighbors came in, and told me that he had just seen, at Hopefield,

a man from Muller county, who told him that a stranger had been seen on the road to New Madrid, whose description answered to that which Cesy had given of the child stealer. It was a man with a blue coat and a brown horse, and a child upon his saddle. I forgot my sickness and my sore bones, bought a new horse,—for I had ridden mine nearly to death,—and set out directly, rode day and night, three hundred miles, to New Madrid; and when I arrived there, sure enough, I found the man who had been described to me, and a child with him. But it was not my child. The man belonged to New Madrid, and had been on a journey with his son into Muller county.

“I don’t know how I got home again. Some people found me near Hopfield, and brought me to my house. I had fever and was raving for ten days; and during that time the neighbors advertised the thing in all the papers in Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana. We had ridden altogether thousands of miles, but it was no use. No!” continued he, with a deep groan; “if my child had died of a fever, if he had fallen in with a bear or panther, and been killed, it would be bitter, bitter sorrow—he was my last child. But, merciful God—stolen! My son, my poor child, stolen!”

And the man cried aloud, sprang from his seat,

and wrung his hands and wept like an infant. Even his wife had not shown such utter agony of grief.

"When I go to work," continued he, after a pause, "my little Dougal seems to stand before me, and my hands fall to my sides, as stiff and heavy as though they were lead. I look round, but no Dougal is there. When I go to bed, I put his bed beside mine, and call him, but no one answers. Sleeping or waking, my poor boy is always before me. Would to God I were dead! I have cursed and sworn, prayed and supplicated, wept and groaned, but all—all in vain!"

I have seen many persons suffering from distress of mind, but never did I meet with one whose sorrow was so violent and overpowering as that of this backwoodsman. We did our utmost to console him, and to inspire him with new hope, but he was inconsolable; his eyes were fixed, he had fallen into a sort of apathy, and I doubt if he even heard what was said to him. We ourselves were so affected that our words seemed almost to choke us. Time pressed, however; it was impossible for us to remain any longer, nor could we have done any good by so doing. We shook the unfortunate couple by the hand, promised to do all in our power to learn something of their child's fate, and took our departure.

It was six weeks after the time above referred to, that I found myself compelled by business to make a journey to Natchez. I had often thought of poor Clarke's misfortune, and, in conjunction with my friends, had done all in my power to discover the villain who had robbed him of his child. Hitherto all our endeavors had been fruitless. The facts were circulated in every newspaper, were matter of conversation at every tea table in the country; rewards were offered, researches made, but not the smallest trace of the boy or his stealer was to be found.

It was a bright January afternoon when I landed at Natchez. In company with some acquaintances, I was ascending the little hill between the lower and upper town, when we heard an unusual noise and bustle; and on reaching the summit, we saw a crowd assembled before the door of Justice Bonner's house. Upon going to see what was the matter, we found that the mob consisted of the better class of people in Natchez, both women and men, but especially the former. Every face wore an expression of interest and anxiety; and upon making inquiry, we learned that the child stealer had been at length discovered; or rather, that a man had been taken up on strong suspicion of his having stolen Mr. Clarke's son, of Hampstead county. I was heartily rejoiced at the

news, and endeavored to press forward through the throng, in hopes of hearing some particulars ; but the crowd was so dense that it was impossible to get through. I stood there for nearly two hours, the concourse all the while increasing, none stirring from the places they occupied, while every adjacent window was filled with eager, anxious faces.

At last, the door opened, and the prisoner, guarded by two constables, and followed by the sheriff, came out of the house, and took the direction of the town prison. "That is he!" whispered the women to one another, with pale faces and trembling voices, clasping their children tighter, as though fearful they would be snatched from them. The countenance of the culprit was the most repulsive I had ever seen—a mixture of brutal obstinacy and low cunning, with a sort of sneering, grinning expression. His small, green-gray eyes were fixed upon the ground ; but as he passed through the lane opened by the crowd, he from time to time partially raised them, and threw sidelong and malicious glances at the bystanders. He was rather above the middle height, his complexion of a dirty-grayish color, his cheeks hollow, his lips remarkably thick and coarse, his whole appearance in the highest degree wild and disgusting. His dress consisted of an old, worn-out blue frock, trousers of

the same color, a high-crowned, shabby hat, and tattered shoes. The impression which his appearance made might be read in the pale faces of the spectators. They gazed after him with a sort of hopeless look as he walked away. "If that is the man who stole the child," murmured several, "there is no hope. The boy is lost!" I extricated myself from the throng, and hastened to Justice Bonner, with whom I was acquainted, and who gave me the following particulars:—

About four weeks after our excursion in the neighborhood of Hopfield, Clarke had received a letter, signed Thomas Tully, and stamped with the Natchez postmark. The contents were to the effect that his child was still living; that the writer of the letter knew where he was; and that, if Mr. Clarke would enclose a fifty dollar bank note in his answer, he should receive further information. On receipt of the said sum, the writer said he would indicate a place to which Mrs. Clarke might repair, unaccompanied, and there, upon payment of two hundred dollars more, the child should be delivered up.

Upon receiving this letter, the unfortunate father consulted with his friends and neighbors; and, by their advice, he wrote immediately to the postmaster at Natchez, informing him of the circumstances, and

requesting that the person who applied for his answer might be detained. Four days afterwards, a man came to the window of the post office, and inquired if there was any letter to the address of 'Thomas Tully. The postmaster pretended to be searching for the letter amongst a pile of others, and meanwhile a constable, who was in attendance, went round and captured the applicant. Upon the examination of the latter, it appeared that he was an Irishman, who had some time previously been hanging about Natchez, and had endeavored to establish a school there. As he, however, had been unable to give any satisfactory account of himself, of where he came from, or what he had been doing up to that time, and as his manner and appearance were, moreover, in the highest degree suspicious and repulsive, he had not succeeded in his plan, and the few parents who sent their children to him had speedily withdrawn them. He was known at Natchez by the name of Thomas Tully, nor did he now deny that that was his name, or that he had sent the letter, which was written in a practised schoolmaster-like hand. It was further elicited that he was perfectly acquainted with the paths and roads between Natchez and Hopefield, and in the neighborhood of those two places, as well as with the swamps, creeks, and rivers there adjacent.

He was fully committed, till such time as the father of the stolen child should be made acquainted with the result of the examination.

In five days, Clarke arrived with the negro boy Caesar. The whole town showed the greatest sympathy with the poor man's misfortune: the lawyers offered him their services free of charge, and a second examination of the prisoner took place. Every thing possible was done to induce the latter to confess what had become of the child; but to all questions he opposed an obstinate silence. The negro boy did not recognize him. At last, he declared that he knew nothing of the stolen child, and that he had only written the letter in the hope of extorting money from the father. Hardly, however, had this been written down, when he turned to Clarke, with an infernal grin upon his countenance, and said, "You have persecuted and hunted me like a wild beast, but I will make you yet more wretched than you are able to make me." He then proceeded to inform him of a certain place where he would find his child's clothes.

Clarke immediately set out with a constable to the indicated spot, found the clothes as he had been told he would do, and returned to Natchez. The accused was again put at the bar, and said, after frequently contradicting himself, that the child was still alive,

but that, if they kept him longer in prison, it would inevitably die of hunger. Nothing could persuade him to say where the boy was, or to give one syllable of further explanation.

Meantime the quarter sessions commenced, and the prisoner was brought up for trial. An immense concourse of persons had assembled to witness the proceedings in this remarkable case. Every thing was done to induce the accused to confess, but all in vain. Promises of free pardon, and even of reward, were made to him, if he told where the child was; but the man maintained an obstinate silence. He at last again changed his story, retracted his previous declaration as to his knowledge of where the boy was, said he had found the clothes, which he had recognized by the descriptions that had been every where advertised, and that it was that which had put it into his head to write to the father, in hopes of making his profit by so doing. In the absence of witnesses, although there was strong suspicion, there could be no proof of his having committed the crime in question. In America, circumstantial evidence is always received with extreme caution and reluctance; and even the fact of the child's clothes having been found in the place the prisoner had pointed out was insufficient to induce the jury to find the latter guilty of the capital

charge brought against him. Many of the lawyers, indeed, were of opinion that the man's last story was true, that he had found the clothes, and, being a desperate character and in needy circumstances, had written the letter for purposes of extortion. Of this offence only was he found guilty, and condemned, as a vagrant and impostor, to a few months' imprisonment. By the American laws, no severer punishment could be awarded. This one, however, was far from satisfying the public. There was something so infernal in the malignant sneer of the culprit, in the joy with which he contemplated the sufferings of the bereaved father, and the anxiety of the numerous friends of the latter, that a shudder of horror and disgust had frequently run through the court during the trial. Even the coolest and most practised lawyers had not been free from this emotion, and they declared that they had never witnessed such obduracy.

The inhabitants of Natchez, especially of the upper town, are, generally speaking, a highly intelligent and respectable class of people; but upon this occasion they lost all patience and self-control, and proceeded to an extreme measure, which only the peculiar circumstances of the case could in any degree justify. Without previous notice, they assembled in large numbers upon the night of the 31st of January, with a

firm determination to correct for once the mildness of the laws, and to take the punishment of the criminal into their own hands. They opened the prison, brought out the culprit, and after tying him up, a number of stout negroes proceeded to flog him severely with whips of bullock's hide.

For a long time, the man bore his punishment with extraordinary fortitude, and remained obstinately silent when questions were put to him concerning the stolen child. At last, however, he could bear the pain no longer, and promised a full confession. He named a house on the banks of the Mississippi, some fifty miles from Natchez, the owner of which, he said, knew where the child was to be found.

The sheriff had, of course, not been present at these Lynch-law proceedings, of which he was not aware till they were over, but of which he probably in secret did not entirely disapprove. No sooner, however, was he told of the confession that had been extorted from the prisoner, than he set off at once in the middle of the night, accompanied by Clarke, for the house that had been pointed out. They arrived there at noon on the following day, and found it inhabited by a respectable family, who had heard of the child having been stolen, but, beyond that, knew nothing of the matter. The mere suspicion of participation in such

a crime seemed in the highest degree painful and offensive to them. It was soon made evident that the prisoner had invented the story, in order to procure a cessation of his punishment of the previous night.

The fatigues and constant disappointments that poor Clarke had endured had worn him out, and at last again stretched him on a bed of sickness. His life was for a long time despaired of, but he finally recovered; and shortly afterwards the term of imprisonment to which the child stealer (for so the public persisted in considering Tully) had been condemned expired. There was no pretext for detaining him, and he was set at liberty. Clarke was advised to endeavor to obtain from him, by money and good treatment, some information concerning the child. Both father and mother threw themselves at the man's feet, implored him to name his own reward, but to tell them what had become of their son.

"You have flogged and imprisoned me," replied the man, with one of his malicious grins; "you would have hung me if you could; you have done all in your power to make me miserable. It is now my turn."

And he obstinately refused to say a word on the subject of the lost child. He left the town, accompanied by Clarke, who clung to him like his shadow, in the constant hope that he would at last make a

revelation. They crossed the Mississippi together, and on arriving behind Concordia, the bereaved father once more besought Tully to tell him what had become of his son, swearing that, if he did not do so, he would dog him day and night, but that he should never escape alive out of his hands. The man asked how long he would give him. "Six and thirty hours," was the reply. Tully walked on for some time beside Clarke and his wife, apparently deep in thought. On a sudden, he sprang upon the backwoodsman, snatched a pistol from his belt, and fired it at his head. The weapon missed fire. Tully saw that his murderous attempt had failed, and apprehensive, doubtless, of the punishment that it would entail, he leaped, without an instant's hesitation, into the deepest part of a creek by which they were walking. He sank immediately, the water closed over his head, and he did not once reappear. His body was found a couple of hours afterwards, but no trace was ever discovered of the Stolen Child.*

* Various particulars of the above incident may be found in the Mississippi newspapers of the years 1825-6.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

FROM PLATEN.

Two lovers strayed, at day's calm close,
Along a lake's green shore,
Love's tale of mingled joys and woes,
Oft told, still telling o'er.
In heaven already Hesper shone,
Yet hand in hand they wandered on,
Fair dreams around them floating.

"Ah," said she, "wilt thou me embrace,
Kind as to-day, to-morrow?
And ne'er for us will joy's bright face
Grow dark with clouds of sorrow?"
"Yes, as to-day e'en so forever!
Fate cannot love's firm union sever,"
The fearful one he answered.

"'Tis well," she cried; "thus swear I now,
To thee my heart is given.
Hear, Heaven! and register my vow;
For love is heard in heaven.

Yes, let it soar to God afar,
Who haply yon first golden star
Hath for his throne selected.

"O, seest thou there upon the strand
Those fair blue flowerets blowing?
Meet type, methinks, they yonder stand
Of hearts with true love glowing.
They blossom there so soft, so calm,
The angry waters fear to harm
Their unobtrusive beauty.

"Belovéd, gather one for me,
To be my breast's adorning."
She spake, the youth fled joyously,
But never came returning.
The lake's steep bank the flowerets crowned,
And when the maiden came, she found
Amid the waves her lover.

Yes, there, beyond the reach of aid,
Embraced by death he stood;
The shore his heedless steps betrayed,
And plunged into the flood.
The gurgling waters round him swelled,
But still with lifted arm he held
Above the waves a flower.

"To die for thee, my love, is sweet;
Yet quickly me pursuing,
O'er yon bright star soon let us meet,
And love have sweet renewing;
And hear me, ere the waters blot
Thee from my sight, Forget-me-not!"
He said, and sunk forever.

But gently from his sinking hand
The waters washed the flower,
Which drifted to the neighboring strand,
Drawn by magnetic power.
She raised it thence, and weeping pressed
The fatal blossom to her breast,
In woe that mocked controlling.

Then turning from her lover's grave,
The mourning one departed,
To fade like the last gift he gave,
All lone and broken hearted.
Now both in heaven have happier lot,
And called since then Forget-me-not
Has been that small blue flower.

WHAT SHALL I DO ?

BY J. S. A.

“O, WHAT shall I do?” said Rosell, with a sigh,
With a smile on *her* lip, and a tear in her eye;
“For, lo, he hath sent for my miniature now,
And soon he will send for the pearls on my brow;
Then he will want that which no one has got
Save myself—what is it?—Ah, you must guess
what.

“Here is his letter—’tis really provoking;
I almost believe the fellow is joking:
He praises my form, calls my face very fair,
Expatiates some on the shade of my hair;
He talks of my eyes in a rapture of bliss,
And wonders if I would refuse him—a kiss.
And, O, what a flatterer! I can’t understand
Why he should call mine ‘a lily-white hand.’
My ‘eyes so enchanting,’ my ‘features so true,’
I don’t think them any thing extra—do you?”





"He says he is coming precisely at four,
And wants me to meet him at the hall door.
Now, what shall I do? Shall I answer his call,
And bound like a roe the whole length of the hall,
Grasp his warm hand with the fervor of passion,
Disobey every commandment of fashion?
He'd think that I loved if I thus before him
Should appear. Well, I do almost adore him;
But you know, we young ladies do love the perplexing
Of men, and our aim is to ever be vexing
Their souls with innumerable doubts and disasters,
And thus of the 'lords of creation' be masters.

"Ah! quite insensibly, while I've been sighing,
It has come from my neck: by the letter 'tis lying,
As though it would chide me for being so loath
Of having it go on a love-errand forth.

"Listen! a footstep; a coach at the gate;
I know it is Charles, for, unwilling to wait,
He enters unaided; and now at the door
He stands, and the old village clock striketh four.

"I know what I'll do. Yes, I've made up my mind,
And no one can change it in one of my kind.
Regardless of every incentive of pelf,
I'll give him the miniature, pearls, and — myself."

BRIDGET PATHLOW.

To work out an honest purpose, in spite of opposition, misfortune, penury, taking no heed of scorn, no heed of ridicule; to say that you who now despise shall yet respect, you who scorn shall yet have benefit; to say these things and do them, is to present human nature in a form which sooner or later must obtain universal sympathy. In this virtue a world of hope lies hidden, even for the meanest; for, in being honest to ourselves, we create a power of honestly serving others.

In the town of Lincoln there lived, some years ago, a man of the name of Pathlow, who, having served in the army, had retired, at the close of the war, upon a small pension. He belonged to what is commonly called a good family, was proud of this relationship, and having dissipated his little patrimony, and made an ill-assorted marriage, had entered the army, not with the desire to serve, but as the only means he had of finding to-day or to-morrow's bread. After

many struggles between poverty and pride, debt and disgrace, he settled in Lincoln, when he was some years past middle life. Here the old course was run. Fine houses were taken, fine appearances made ; but these, unlike the three degrees of comparison, did rather begin with the largest and end with the smallest ; so that, when our tale commences, the fine house in the finest street had dwindled into a mean habitation, that could only boast its neighborhood to the minster, where, shadowed by some antique trees, and within sound of the minster's bell, it was the birthplace of Bridget Pathlow.

There were two brothers several years older than Bridget, born before Pathlow had settled in Lincoln, and on whose education he had spent all available means ; for, as he had great promises from great relations, he destined them to be gentlemen. Besides these two, Bridget had another brother, some years younger than herself, who, being born, like her, during the poverty and ill fortunes of the parents, was looked upon with no favorable or loving eye.

Whilst the elder brothers were better clad, well taught, inditing pleasant epistles to far-off relations, poor Tom and Bridget Pathlow were the household drudges. To do dirty work ; to repel needy creditors ; to deny with the prompted lie ; to steal along the

streets, and, with the heart's blood in her face, to hear the unpaid tradesman dishonor her father's name; to sit by the fireless hearth, or by the window to watch her father's return, who, urged for money, would perhaps keep from home whole nights, having first told Bridget that he should not return alive; to watch through those hours of mental pain, and yet in this very loneliness, in these childish years, to have one never-failing belief of being by self-help not always so very sorrowful or so despised,—surely made this young child no unworthy dweller under the shadow of the olden minster. Tom was not half so resolute as Bridget, nor so capable of endurance.

The elder brothers left home when Bridget and Tom were not more than eleven and eight years old. No love had been fostered between these elder and younger children; yet in the heart of Bridget much was garnered. Now that they were alone, the children were more together, the household drudgery was shared between them, as well as the cares and sorrows of their miserable home, and the stolen play round the minster aisles, where many, who despised the parents, said kind words to the children. Designing her for some humble employment, where the weekly gain of two or three shillings would supply the momentary want, Captain Pathlow (as he was

called) denied Bridget any better education than such as was afforded by a school, the weekly fees of which were sixpence; but she had a kind friend in an old glass stainer, who lived hard by, and another in his son, a blind youth, who was allowed to play upon the minster organ. As a return to this poor youth for some few lessons in organ playing, Bridget would carry home each evening the key of a little postern door, (which a kind prebend had lent him,) and by which private access was gained to the cloisters. So often did Bridget carry back that key, that at last, becoming a sort of privileged person, she was allowed to come through the garden, which, shadowed by the cloister walls, lay pleasant before the prebend's quaint study window. The old man, looking up often from his book, and remembering that in Lincoln her father's name was linked to all meanness and disgrace, would wonder to see her push back from the overhanging boughs the ripe apples, or the luscious grapes, untouched, untasted; so, judging from small things, he took to heart that this poor Bridget had a touch of nobleness about her. From this time he observed her more narrowly. Hurrying across the garden, she yet always lingered (particularly if the shadows of evening were low) to look at one piece of wood carving, which, projecting from the old cloister wall, looked

in the waning light like the drooping ivy it mimicked. One night the old man questioned her, and said he should like to be her friend, to have her taught, to serve her.

"I thank you much, sir," said she; "but if ——" She stopped abruptly.

"If what, Bridget?"

"If I could sew or earn ——" She stopped again.

"Well," said the old man, smiling, "I see you are a good girl, Bridget. There are, if I remember what my housekeeper said, six Holland shirts to make, which ——"

"I will do them. To-morrow night I will come; for I have a purpose to serve, which will make me work with a ready finger."

She was gone before the old man could answer. The morrow and the morrow's night saw that poor child plying the quick needle, whilst brother Tom guarded the chamber door, lest a gleam of the candle should betray the solitary and hidden task.

Unknown to Bridget, the worthy prebend made to Captain Pathlow an offer of serving his child. But this offer was repulsed with bitter scorn. "He had rich relations," he said, "who could serve Bridget, without her being a pauper. For the rest, no one had a right to interfere."

Bridget was henceforth forbidden even to quit the house. But the six fine Holland shirts were at length completed and carried home; Tom returning the happy bearer of a bright, shining piece of gold. This was soon laid out. In what? Bridget knew best, for she still worked on by night.

Returning home late one evening, the father observed the gleaming light from the lone garret window, and creeping upon the two children unseen, not only paralyzed them with fear, but holding in the candle's flame the diligent work of many weeks, the fruition of that child's earliest desire, that fruit of an honest purpose, — no dainty piece of needlework was it, but the drawn image, leaf by leaf, of the curious carving, — burnt it to ashes.

"If you can work," he said fiercely, "there are milliners in Lincoln who want errand girls. Ha! ha! two shillings a week will add ale to our night's meal!"

The girl was only saved from this destiny by the arrival one Saturday, during dinner time, of a very large letter sealed with black, which, being opened, was found to have come from the elder brother, who, stating the death of an uncle, advised that Bridget should be sent immediately upon a speculative visit to the widowed aunt. This was food of a right kind

to Pathlow ; he began its digestion immediately. " You must say good words for us, Bridget—good words. Hint that a suit of clothes, or a five pound note, will be acceptable to me, and a new silk gown to your mother ; and, in short, any thing."

The girl's few miserable clothes were soon packed within one narrow box, a letter written to the guard of the coach, which was to convey her from London into the western provinces, to say, that her relation would pay at the end of the journey. Dear Tom parted with a copy, on paper, of that rare carving, laid secretly on the prebend's reading desk, and on the morrow after the letter came, Bridget saw the last glimpse of Lincoln minster. Her eldest brother—he who had written the letter—lived in London, a gay, apparently rich, gentleman, studying, it was said, for a physician, if study he ever did ; but as Bridget had been forewarned not to make her appearance at his lodgings during the day, she was forced to stop till night came within the garret chamber assigned to her at the inn where the coach had staid. With that apology for a trunk,—small as it was, it would have held the wardrobes of three Bridgets,—mounted on the burly shoulders of an herculean porter, the girl found her brother's home. She had expected to see rich apartments, but none so rich as these, where,

surrounded by all the semblance of aristocratic life, her brother lay stretched upon a sofa sipping his wine, and reading the evening paper.

"Well," was his greeting, "you're come;" and then he went on with his paper.

These words fell chill upon the girl's heart; but she knew she was his sister, and she knelt to kiss him. "Dear Richard, dear brother, I have so counted on this hour. They all send their love—Tom, and Saul, and ——"

"There, that'll do. Go and sit down. These things are low; you must forget them all. But, faugh! how you're dressed! Did any one see you as you came in?"

The answer was satisfactory: so the reading went on.

"You must forget these Lincoln people altogether," he said, after a while; "you are going to be a lady, and the memory of poverty sits ill upon such. Mind, I warn you to have a still tongue. For the rest, make yourself comfortable; say black is black, and white white. A very good maxim, I assure you, for a dependant."

"Can happiness come from such belief, or future good?" asked Bridget. "Can ——"

"There, that'll do; I never discuss points with children. Talk the matter over with the next maid

servant, or reserve it for private meditation when you are upon the top of the coach."

Bridget had little to say after this, and a late hour of that same night found her journeying to the western province, where her widowed relation dwelt. At length, on the second morning after leaving London, she found herself in a country town, in a gay street, standing upon a scrupulously clean step, knocking upon a very bright knocker, not only for her own admittance, but for that of the scantily-freighted box. A demure-looking servant appeared, who, taking in to her mistress the introductory letter which the elder Pathlow had indited, being, as he had said, the fishing hook whereby to catch the fish, left the Lincoln girl to a full hour's doubt as to whether she should have to retrace her way to Lincoln, or be received as the poor dependant. It seemed that her unexpected arrival had created much discussion; for loud voices were heard in a neighboring parlor. The dispute, rising into a storm, was only stayed by Bridget's being ordered into the presence of the bereaved widow, who, being of substantial form, sat in a capacious chair, with a plentiful flow of lawn before her weeping face. She was surrounded by several relatives, each of whom had children to recommend; but wishing to exhibit her power, and triumph over their

greedy expectations, she rose, and throwing herself upon the astonished girl's neck, made visible election of a dependant. Foiled in their purpose, the relations disappeared. The widow, like a child pleased with a toy, made for a while much of the poor Lincoln girl: old dresses were remodelled, old bonnets cunningly trimmed, by-gone fashions descanted on, till, to crown the whole, the girl wished back her Lincoln rags, rather than walk the streets to be gazed at by every passer by. In this matter there was no appeal; there never is against dogged self-opinion or selfish cunning. Pleased with having one on whom to wreak a world of spite, the widow soon changed her first show of kindness to taunts, reproaches proportionate to the loneliness and dependence of the child. Months went by without one solitary gleam of happiness, for books or learning were forbidden; added to all this, too, were perpetual secret letters from her home, urging her to send money. But there was no meanness in Bridget; she could endure, but not crave unworthily. Things had gone on thus for a twelvemonth, when, one winter's day, the widow came back, after a week's absence, a gay bride; and that same night Bridget was sent back on her way to Lincoln, with five shillings in her pocket over and above the coach hire.

Bridget had a fellow-passenger, who, having travelled

far, and being young, and troubled with a child, was much pleased with the thousand little kindnesses that the girl performed; so that, before the journey to London was ended, a vast friendship was established between them. They parted with much regret; for, to one like Bridget, so lonely, so destitute of friends, the mere semblance of kindness was a treasure in itself. She had sat some time in the office waiting for the Lincoln coach,—not without comfort, for the bookkeeper had stirred up the office fire, and, suspecting her scanty purse, had supplied her with a glass of warm ale and a toast,—when a pale but respectable-looking man entered, and saying that he was the husband of Bridget's fellow-passenger, had come to offer her the comfort of his home for a day or so, as a return for her kindness to his wife and child. After some little deliberation, Bridget accepted the offer, for she dreaded to return home without having written to say that she was coming; so an hour afterwards, Bridget sat with a baby on her knee, by the side of her fellow-passenger, in a comfortable second-floor room, in a street leading from Long Acre. Never was such a tea prepared as on this memorable night, never such a hearth, never such a baby, never such a happy young wife, never such a wondering Bridget; for here seemed the visible presence of all

riches her heart had ever craved ; here in this working chamber of a Long Acre herald painter. Here, too, without wealth, was the power of mind made visible ; here, in this chamber of the artisan. A few cheap books nicely arranged, a few prints, rich panell'd escutcheons, and cunning tracery, that brought to mind old things in Lincoln minster, covered the walls. These things stood out like the broad written words of hope and perseverance.

Bridget had never been so happy. On the morrow, a letter was despatched ; but the answer was one of bitter reproach, harsh threats. It bore no invitation to return ; and when it said that Tom had left Lincoln, Bridget had no desire to do so. The stay of a few days was lengthened into one of months ; for when her good friends knew her history, — all of it, saving her love of art, — they could but pity, which pity, ripening into estimation as her character became more known, turned friendship into love. We draw no romantic character, but one of real truth. Bridget was the busiest and cheerfulest ; up early, so that the hearth was clean, the breakfast ready, the baby neatly dressed ; and this not done for once, but always ; so that Bridget became a necessary part of the household in Long Acre. By and by, when she was found to possess an aptitude for drawing, the artisan

set busily to work, and by the evening fire paid back, in teaching, her honest service. An upturned cup, a book, a jug, were drawn; and when these were perfect, things of greater difficulty were sketched. Her progress was but slow, yet so perfect, that in a few months' time she was a real help to her master; and when he fell into bad health, and had to work at home, she assisted to bring bread to that poor household. The artisan grew no better, but lingering week by week in a consumption, was each day less able to perform the work which, being of a rare and delicate kind, his master would intrust to no other hand.

One week (the week before he died) a crest of rare device had to be painted on the panels of a rich city merchant's carriage. No hand could execute it like that of the dying man; but his hand was past work, though the mind could still invent; and Bridget, who knew that, but for this work being done, no bread could come, knelt, and by his bed earned what was last eaten by that dying man. The work excelled the master's hope; he wondered more when, with that artisan's last breath, he learned the act of merey, how done and by whom. Bridget reaped good fruit: when she had lost one friend, when his widow and child had left London for the country, the good old master coachmaker took Bridget home into veritable Long

Acre itself. He was not rich ; but paying Bridget for all her services, she had money wherewith to take new lessons in art, — to begin the learning of wood engraving, in which she afterwards rarely excelled, — to lay by four bright gold pounds, as the means of seeing Lincoln once again. They had never written to her from home, never for years ; but still her heart clung to those old memories which had encompassed her childhood.

She was now seventeen. It was a bright May morning when she travelled onward to the minster town. How her heart beat audibly, when, by the waning evening light, the home even of that miserable childhood was seen again ! Lifting the latch, she stole into the house ; but no happy voice, no greeting met her ear : all that was said was, " Well, you're come at last." But by and by, when it was hinted that the larder was empty, and the relic of those four bright pounds were seen, more civil words were heard, which, warming into a full tide of kindness, lasted, veritably lasted, till the last shilling was spent ; then — then laughing her poverty to scorn, she was ordered to travel back to London in the best fashion she could.

The good old prebend was absent from Lincoln ; so it was only from poor blind Saul she could borrow a scanty sum, which sum was the more needful, as she

had to travel out of the high road to a little town where her dear brother Tom now lived. He had run away from home soon after Bridget had left, and, after many ups and downs in those few years, was now become half clerk, half servant, in the house of a country attorney. His nature was more passive than that of Bridget, more yielding, less energetic: having been from childhood weak in body, he had scarcely bettered his condition in changing one scene of drudgery for another. In the little parlor of the country inn, his long, sad tale of passive suffering was told to the sister's ear. If she wept, it was but for a moment; then talking cheerfully of what the future should be — how they would work together, how they would be dear friends, how they in London would have one common home, and asking nothing from the world, still pay to it one never-failing debt of cheerfulness and sympathy; how they would do all this they said so many times, that the supper grew cold, and poor feeble Tom laughed outright. They parted that summer's night; there was comfort when Bridget promised that a letter should come soon. She did not even hint the joy that should be in it.

Once more in London, she began that very week to build a home for Tom. By a little help from her Long Acre friends, she procured some few pupils.

whose parents, being ambitious to adorn their parlor walls at the cheapest rate, had their children initiated into the mysteries of art at sixpence the lesson. Sixteen lessons a week made eight shillings — little enough to exist upon; but it yet hired a room and bought bread, and something like the consciousness of independence. At night, too, there were hours to work in; and then the practice of wood engraving went nimbly on.

In returning home once a week, from a distant part of London, Bridget had to pass in an obscure street an old bookstall. She sometimes stopped to look upon it; she always did so when she had seen upon it an old thumbed copy of Bewick's *British Birds*. In those rare tailpieces, that never were surpassed, one who knew all the difficulties of the art found infinite delight. She was observed one evening by a gentleman who had come up to the bookstall some minutes after Bridget; like her, too, he was curious in art, and wondered what this young poor-clad female could find of interest in one or two small pictured pages, not hastily turned over, but dwelt upon long, minute after minute. He followed, but her light step soon left him far behind: he came again — there she was, on the same day week, with that same old thumbed Bewick. Weeks went by in this manner, till the stall keeper, remembering her often-seen face, bade her

"buy or else not touch the books again;" and Bridget, creeping away like one guilty of a misdeed, saw not that the curious gentleman had bought the books, and now followed her with speedy foot. This time he might have found her home, but that, in a street leading into Holborn, some papers fell from the little roll of drawings she carried; he stooped to pick them up—in the moment of glancing at them she was lost to sight.

Now that night labor had made her somewhat proficient in the art, she tried to get employment; but for weeks without success. Specimens sent in to engravers were returned, letters to publishers unheeded; letters or specimens from Long Acre were of a surety inadmissible. The master who had taught her was dead. At last there was pointed out to her an advertisement in one of the daily papers, that engravers upon wood were wanted for the designs of a cheap publication. There was reference to a person of whom Bridget had heard; so, sending first for permission, she was introduced to the advertiser. A subject for illustration was chosen, and a pencil placed in her hand. When the design came out visibly from the paper, the advertiser, shaking his head, said he would consider. This consideration took some weeks; meanwhile a sleepless pillow was that of poor Bridget.

At last the answer came; he would employ her, but at a very moderate remuneration. Yet here was hope, clear as the noonday's sun; *here* was the first bright-beaded drop in the cup of the self-helper; here was hope for Tom; here matter for the promised letter. The work done, the remuneration coming in, the fruition came; new yet humble rooms were hired, second-hand furniture bought piece by piece; and it was a proud night when, alone in her still chamber, the poor despised Lincoln girl thanked Heaven for its holy mercy.

The proverb tells us that good fortune is never single-handed. On the morrow,—it was a wet and rainy day,—Bridget, in passing into Spring Gardens, observed that the stall of a poor lame apple woman had been partly overturned by some rude urchin. She stopped to help the woman, and whilst so doing, a very fat old gentleman came up, and looking, very quietly remarked, in a sort of audible whisper to himself, “Curious, very curious! this same very little act of mercy first introduced me to my excellent Tom: ay, ay! Tom's gone; there isn't such another from Eastcheap to Chelsea.”

The name of Tom was music to Bridget's ears. The old gentleman had moved away; but following quickly, Bridget addressed him.

"I have a brother, sir, whose name is ——"

"Tom," interrupted the old gentleman; "find me my Tom's equal, and I'll say something to you. Here is my address." He thrust a card into Bridget's hand, and went on. Here was a romantic omen of good for Tom.

That same night the letter was indited. Two days after, the country wagon deposited Tom in the great city. An hour after, he sat by Bridget's hearth.

"This night repays me for all past sorrow," said the sister, as she sat hand in hand by her brother's side. "Years ago, in those lonely winter nights, something like a dream of this same happy hour would come before me. Indeed it did, dear Tom."

Each thing within those same two narrow rooms had a history; the cuckoo clock itself would have furnished matter for a tale; the six chairs and the one table were prodigies.

On the morrow, Tom, guided by the address, found out the office of the fat old gentleman, who, being a bachelor and an attorney, held pleasant chambers in Clement's Inn. Whether induced by Tom's appearance or his name, we know not, but the old gentleman, after certain inquiries at the coachmaker's in Long Acre, took Tom for his clerk at the salary of six shillings a week.

We must now allow weeks to pass by. In the mean while, Bridget's work increased, though not the money paid for it. Yet out of these same earnings a small sum was laid by, for what our Lincoln girl breathed to no living ear. About this time, better work was heard of, but application for it, through the person who employed her, failed; how, she knew not. "If I had a friend," she said, "I might succeed; and though Richard has passed me in the streets unheeded, still I will make one last appeal to him." She went, not in rags, but decently attired.

"That you are rich, and above me in circumstances, I know, Richard," she humbly said; "hitherto you have scorned to own one so poor; but as I have never wronged you or your name, you will perhaps say that I am your sister?"

"I made your fortune once," he bitterly answered; "of your *honest purposes* since then I know nothing. For the rest, it is not convenient for a man in my condition to have pauper friends — you have my answer."

"Brother," she said, as she obeyed the haughty gesture that signalled her to leave the room, "may you regret the words you have so harshly spoken. For the rest, believe me, I shall yet succeed, in spite of all this opposition."

The peace of Bridget's home was now broken by weekly letters from Lincoln for loan of money, which applications being successful for a few times, only made the letters more urgent and pressing in their demands.

Some months after Bridget's interview with Richard, there sat, one winter's evening, in the study of a celebrated author, three gentlemen. The one was the author himself, as widely known for his large human loving heart as for the books he had written. He had now been for some days translating a child's story from the German, a sort of spiritual child's book, like the *Story without an End*.

"Were this book illustrated by one who had the same self-helping soul as its author, the same instinctive feeling," said the translator to one of his friends, "it would indeed be priceless. I have sometimes thought none but a woman could catch the simple yet deep maternal feeling that lies in these same pages; but where is ——"

"There is a woman capable of this," said one of the friends, turning to the author; beyond all doubt capable. Look here."

He drew forth from a pocket book the very papers which, two years before, Bridget had lost.

"You say true," answered the translator; "but

what is this? It seems like the copy of some carved foliage, some —— ”

“This must be Bridget’s,” interrupted the other guest, leaning across the table with anxious face, (for it was no other than the minster prebend;) “I see it is; yes, yes, a copy of the antique carving from the minster wall. Good things have been said in Lincoln of this Bridget, but the father would never tell where she was.”

The enthusiastic old gentleman now entered into a long detail of Bridget’s youth, which, coupled with the other gentleman’s story, left no doubt that the peeper into the thumbed copy of Bewick and the Lincoln girl were one and the same.

Next day, anxious inquiries were set on foot respecting Bridget, but without effect. Then weeks went by, and in the mean while the German book could find no fit illustrator. But at last the wood cuts in the cheap periodical, for which Bridget engraved, were remarked upon. The man who had the name of being both the artist and engraver was applied to, and he agreed to furnish the desired illustrations. A few were sent in, surpassing the author’s hopes; but a stray leaf, a graceful touch, brought to memory the hand of Bridget. Yet she could not be heard of, though the old Lincoln gentleman was indefatigable in his inquiries.

At length, one night the prebend and his friend were returning along the Strand, in a westerly direction, when by St. Clement's Daines they observed a very fat old gentleman creeping slowly along the pavement, whilst a diminutive youth kept watch and guard, now right, now left, as either side seemed likely to be jostled by some rude passer by.

"You shall go no farther," at length said the old gentleman, stopping short; "not an inch farther. Go! give my love to your sister, you dog, and say that I have to thank her for introducing to me a second incomparable Tom."

But the boy was so far incomparable, that, being wilful and obstinate, he would see the old gentleman safe within New Inn, which was near at hand; and the friends, waiting outside, staid till the boy returned, for his voice had brought to the prebend's ear that of Bridget. They followed him into Long Acre, up two pair of stairs, where, lifting the latch, the prebend beheld the same Bridget whom he had known at Lincoln, while his companion recognized, in the same person, her whom he had followed years ago. A good fire burnt upon the hearth, Tom's tea ready, his shoes and his coat by the fire; for the night was wet, and Bridget herself busily at work upon the illustration of the German story. Happy was the meeting

between the old man and her he almost thought his child ; strange the feelings of the gentleman who had bought the thumbed Bewick, and hoarded those poor drawings. We have not room to tell the joy of that night.

From this hour Bridget had worthy friends. The morrow brought the sister of the one who had remembered Bridget at the bookstall. He was the same rich city merchant who so unknowingly had praised Bridget's first work and act of mercy. When he heard from the worthy coachmaker that story, when he knew from Tom what a sister Bridget was, when the old prebend said so many kindly things, no wonder that admiration ripened into love. By the hand of his sister (who was his housekeeper) all manner of graceful acts were performed, all manner of good fortune offered ; but nothing could shake Bridget's self-helping resolves, no promises induce her to quit poor, humble, trusting Tom : the only help she asked was that of work to be done. The excellent prebend, returning to Lincoln, spoke much of Bridget, which good report of fortune coming to her father's ears, he presently resolved (as his wife was now dead) to make one home serve for himself and Bridget. So coming to London, he was soon comfortable ; exacting money, craving for delicacies, not caring how they were to

be procured, till their once happy home became one of misery to Tom and Bridget.

Months went by, often during which it was mercy to escape to the home of her kind city friends, even for a few hours. The house that they occupied in summer time—it was now that season—was situated a few miles from town, and here one evening the rich merchant asked Bridget to be his wife.

"You might live to regret marriage with one so poor as myself, sir," was her answer; "you who could ask the hand of ladies of wealth and beauty."

"Wealth of money, Bridget, but not with thy wealth of soul. Money is an advantage which the many have; but the heroism of self-help in women is rare because few are so willing to be self-helpers. It is I who will be made rich in having you. I know that time would prove it. Come, my home must be yours."

Bridget did at last consent, but with a reservation which must be yet a secret. Whatever was its purpose, it was a resolve not to be shaken; but as time wore on, many were the protestations against this resolution. At length, after days and weeks of indefatigable labor, Bridget asked the old prebend and the merchant to meet her at the chambers of Tom's master. They did so. Tom was there, as well as the fat old gentleman, the one looking sly because he knew

the secret, the other wonderingly. The old gentleman signed some papers, which an old clerk attested; then Bridget, drawing forth a purse of gold, laid the fees upon the parchment of Tom's indenture as articulated clerk.

"This was my reservation, this my secret. As I have now shown myself a humble, loving sister of this dear Tom, so I am now willing to become the wife."

A week after, Bridget stood as the wife of the rich city merchant by the altar of Lincoln minster; and dear as the marriage ring was on that day was the gift of the old thumbed copy of Bewick's *British Birds*.

Habits of self-help, like all good things, are enduring. Bridget, as the wife and mother, is still the same, losing no opportunity of self-culture, no power of being the best teacher to her children.

Tom is at this time a quaint bachelor attorney, having succeeded to the snug practice of the fat gentleman. That there exists between him and Bridget a rare and enduring love, we need not make record.

Of the death of the father we need not speak. Over the selfishness, the pride of the elder brother, we will draw a veil, for the memory of good is better than the memory of evil. Bridget had triumph enough in the fruition of honest labor.

MATERNAL DREAM.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE mother prays in her heart, and eyes
Her slumbering infant with still delight;
In the cradle so calm, so dear he lies,
An angel he seems in her sight.

She kisses and fondles him, scarce herself;
All thought of the pains of earth departs;
Hope roves in a future of fame and wealth:
Such the dream of fond mothers' hearts.

Meanwhile at the window loud this lay
The raven shrieks with his croaking brood:
"Thy angel, thy angel shall be our prey!
The robber doth serve us for food!"

THE DREAMERS OF DOCKUM.

A TALE OF FRIESLAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

DURING the Christmas holidays, Saske invited her brother's children, two boys and four girls, from Aldega; the guests came, for it was fine frosty weather. On the Wednesday there was to be a race at Frentjer, for a knife with a silver handle, and the whole troop of young people were to go, with Rommert at their head; but in the forenoon the weather became overcast, and every now and then the sky was cloudy. "I don't know," said Pibe; "I have strong doubts about your going. Yesterday there was a ring round the sun, and I felt a pain last night in my back. I think there will be a heavy fall of snow." "No, no, uncle," said one of his nieces, "it is beginning to brighten up, and there are breaks and openings in the clouds." But a little before twelve, it began to pour down, and whilst they were at dinner there blew a strong east

wind, which swept right over the fields, so that it was impossible for any one to look out of his eyes. The girls, who were all eager to go to Frentjer, said, "It will be better by and by." But the weather, far from clearing up, became so much worse, that a peasant would not have turned his dog out of doors; they all, therefore, staid at home.

The air became keen and frosty; and, whilst the cutting wind blew sharply against the buildings, the party within were weary of playing at draughts, and had chatted till they were tired. One of the children proposed telling stories. This amusement would have been at once begun, when in came two friends of the clergyman into the room. They were to have gone to Frentjer, too, but as they heard there were some pretty girls at Pibe's, they preferred spending the evening with them. They were two students from Groningen; the one a nephew of the clergyman, and the other his college friend, the son of a quack doctor of some celebrity. They both took a share in story-telling.

"But where there's no king, there's no honor," observed the clergyman's nephew. "I propose that he who tells the best tale shall be beau, for the rest of the evening, to the girl he likes best."

So fair a proposal was readily agreed to. Mother

Saske set a pot of coffee on the hearth, and Gabe threw on some more firing, which crackled and flared up, whilst the quack doctor's son began the following story :—

“In the year 1343, two citizens of Dockum, with Rouke Lefferts, a peasant from a neighboring common, set out on a pilgrimage to Rome. As there were not many inns on the route, each pilgrim carried a knapsack on his back, and in his hand a long knobby stick ; this, with a few odd shillings in their pockets, completed their equipment for the journey to Italy. Now it so happened, that, towards the evening, they came either to a monastery or a castle ; there they had shelter for the night, fire and water gratis, and they boiled or roasted whatever they had in their knapsacks, or what chance might throw in their way. But when there were no castles or monasteries within reach, then they slept out in the open air, like Adam and Eve ; and whilst the leaves of the trees served them for curtains, the ground was their bed. When, however, they were about half a day's journey from Rome, their scanty stock of provisions began to fail them ; their meal was so nearly exhausted, that of the small quantity which remained there was not sufficient for each to make himself a cake, and unluckily they were benighted at a place where neither castle nor

monastery was to be seen far or near. How were they to manage the next morning? for they already began to feel the pangs of hunger, and if they went on half a day longer, they would not fare much better. Hunger is a sharp sword; it quickens men's wits; it had this effect on our men of Dockum. One of them whispered in his fellow's ear, 'Can't we devise some plan for getting Rouke's meal? We townsmen may easily get the better of such a clown as he is; he is so simple, a child might cheat him.' 'Yes, yes; that's seen at once,' said the other; 'that is nothing; we will soon outwit him.'

"Immediately one of them, standing up, addressed his companions in the following manner: 'My friends, we are in a sad plight; for so small a quantity of meal is left, that it would not be sufficient to satisfy our hunger; but, if we were to put the three portions together, would fill one of our hungry stomachs; therefore I think it would not be amiss if we could manage that the whole should fall into the hands of one or other of us three. However, for my part, I would not put a mouthful into my lips except in the most honorable manner. So I propose that the matter be left to the decision of Heaven. Let us go and lie down to sleep; and let him have all the meal to whom Heaven sends the best dream.' 'Capital!'

said his fellow-citizen from Dockum. The peasant, too, agreed to the plan with as good a grace as possible, though the poor fellow began to suspect that he was not likely to have fair play at the hands of his comrades. The three portions of meal were thrown together, well kneaded, and made up into a cake, which they laid on some hot stones, and covered over with the glowing embers, to bake whilst they closed their eyes in sleep.

“The citizens thought as little of any trick on the part of the clown as they did of the day of their death; it never occurred to them that he was capable of attempting one. So they tranquilly laid their weary heads on the green bank, and soon fell into a real sleep. Hunger had, however, made their companion restless and wakeful; the opportunity was not to be lost; he gently brushed the ashes from the dough with his cap, and devoured the cake with a good appetite. As he swallowed the last morsel, he could scarcely restrain himself from laughing, at the expense of the men of Dockum, as they lay snoring at his side, while the big drops of sweat chased each other down their cheeks. ‘Now,’ said he to himself, ‘you dear, good men, Rouke is perfectly contented. You will not suffer from an overloaded stomach to-day. Sure you would have found a plain cake too

dry for you, and Rouke could read his lesson very well without your help. How fresh you'll rise after such sound sleep! Good night, my dear creatures! once more, good night!' In two seconds he laid himself down again to sleep.

"As soon as the sun was risen, one of the slumbers awoke, and roused his confederate, to whom he related the following tale:—

"My friends, hear me. I am going to tell you my dream. One evening, I thought I was standing near the Fetje-Put, at Dockum, when two angels, with wings on their backs, came flying through the air, and carried me away, like a couple of eagles, into the sky. In my flight, there passed both blue and green before my eyes, and the wind whistled in my ears, just like a storm through the rigging of a ship; indeed, our flight was so rapid, that it seemed to be blowing great guns, and every hair on my head was so violently blown about, that I felt as if it were all coming out by the roots. One of the angels gave me such a swing that he stripped the skin from my finger ends up to my elbows. After we had flown thirty-four weeks, we arrived at the gate of heaven, where the other angel drew from his pocket a golden key, and with it opened the door. What then burst before my view was so bright and dazzling, that had I

an inkstand as large as the Spanish sea, and a pen that would reach from Dockum to Rome, I should completely fail in endeavoring to give you any adequate description of it. The streets were all golden, and glittered so with precious stones, that no mortal eye could for a moment gaze on them. In this world of splendor and magnificence, I could not see a single body; but millions of souls were flitting about, so small that eleven thousand might dance upon the point of a needle.'

"When the man had related many more of the extraordinary scenes he beheld in the regions of bliss, his friend from Dockum arose and told his dream.

"'It is very singular,' he began, 'that you have dreamed you were in heaven, and I, that I visited hell. As I was walking one evening in the Keppels, there met me two persons in the garb of blacksmiths, who seized hold of me by the hand, and dragged me to the fiery pool at Stavoren. Then we sank down with the rapidity of lightning until we reached the bottom, when I found myself standing as it were in the midst of a vast common, on which nothing grew or flourished but moorgrass and rushes. After we had groped about in it for a long time, we ascended a very steep hill, on approaching the summit of which one of the black men exclaimed, "Take care; we are

at the brink of hell." These were the only words they uttered. Having crept to the very edge, I ventured to look over, with my neck stretched out like a stork's, on the sea of fire beneath. It roared and hissed,—it crackled and snapped,—and the foaming flames poured forth their smoke like a caldron in a violent state of ebullition. This awful sight struck terror into my bosom, and I drew back as frightened as a young weasel. My dark companions bound two wings to my arms, and flew with me until we arrived just over the burning abyss, where I remained shaking my wings, like a seamew about to dart upon its victim in the depth beneath. But, comrades, when I think of what I saw then, my skin crawls up my arms. I heard the immense bellows creak and puff, which forever blew up the infernal flames; while the suffocating heat, which continually rose to the top of this awful gulf, made me swoon away, and the sparks flew about so thickly that the very hair of my head was singed. In these abodes of torment I beheld the inhabitants killing one another, and troops of devils flying hither and thither with curses on their tongues.'

"During the narration of these two dreams, the peasant pretended he was in a sound sleep, although he had heard every word that was spoken. As soon as the men of Dockum had finished, they called out

to him to rise and tell *his* dream. He immediately woke up, and appearing much alarmed, fixed both his eyes on them like a person who has been aroused from a deep slumber, and asked, in a shrill voice, 'Who are you?'

"'What!'" said they; 'do not you know us?'

"'You?'" he asked again — 'you? What! are you returned?'

"'Returned!'" said they; 'we have not been away.'

"'What! indeed, you have not been away? Then I must be mistaken. But it is — O, I suppose I dreamed it!'

"'What have you dreamed?'" asked one of his companions; 'tell us your dream.'

"'Well,' said Rouke, 'I thought that one of you had flown to heaven, under the care of two angels, and that the other was gone to hell with two black fellows. It seems only just now that you left me. At first I gazed after you as long as I could, and when you were out of sight, I waited and waited; but as neither of you made his appearance, I thought to myself, both the men of Dockum will never come back again; and because you had no more need of any thing to eat, I have in my solitude (for the secret must come out) despatched the whole cake!'"

Here the tale finished; the nieces from Aldega

had listened with such attention that you could have heard them breathe ; at the end they all four heaved a deep sigh.

In the mean while, Saske had prepared the coffee, of which each guest now partook, while the clergyman's nephew was thinking of the story he in his turn should relate to the company.

LOVE'S MEMORY.

MRS. GRAY.

I WOVE a wreath ; 'twas fresh and fair ;
 Rich roses in their crimson pride,
And the blue harebell flowers, were there ;
 I wove and flung the wreath aside :
Too much did those bright blossoms speak
Of thy dear eyes and youthful cheek.

I took my lute ; methought its strain
 Might wile the heavy hours along ;
I strove to fill my heart and brain
 With the sweet breath of ancient song :
In vain ; whate'er I made my choice
Was fraught with thy bewitching voice.

And down I laid the restless lute,
 And turned me to the poet's page ;
And vainly deemed that converse mute,
 Unmingled, might my heart engage :
But in the poet's work I find
The fellow-essence of thy mind.

I wandered midst the silent wood,
And sought the greenest, coolest glade,
Where not a sunbeam might intrude ;
And in a chestnut's quiet shade
I sate, and in that leafy gloom
Thought of the darkness of the tomb, —

And strove to lead my heart to drink
At the deep founts of wandering thought ;
To ponder on the viewless link
Between our souls and bodies wrought ;
To quench my passionate dreams of thee
A while in that philosophy.

Yet, all the while, thine image bright
Still flitted by my mind to win,
Casting through dreamy thoughts its light,
Like sunshine that *would* enter in ;
And every leaf and every tree
Seemed quivering with beams of thee.

Belovéd ! I will strive no more !
Thine image, in vice-regal power,
Shall ruling sit all memories o'er,
Throned in my heart, until the hour
When thou thyself shalt come again,
Restoring there thine olden reign.

SEEKING.

BY DORA GREENWELL.

"AND where, and among what pleasant places,
Have ye been, that ye come again,
With your laps so full of flowers, and your faces
Like buds blown fresh after rain?"

"We have been," said the children, speaking
In their gladness, as the birds chime
All together — "we have been seeking
For the Fairies of olden time ;
For we thought they are only hidden —
They would surely never go
From this green earth all unbidden,
And the children that love them so.
Though they come not around us leaping,
As they did when they and the world
Were young, we shall find them sleeping
Within some broad leaf curled ;

For the lily its white doors closes,
But only over the bee,
And we looked through the summer roses,
Leaf by leaf, so carefully ;
But yet rolled up we shall find them
Among mosses old and dry,
With gossamer threads to bind them ;
They will dart like the butterfly
From its tomb. So we went forth seeking :
Yet still they have kept unseen,
Though we think our feet have been keeping
The track where they have been ;
For we saw where their dance went flying
O'er the pastures, snowy white,
Their seats and their tables lying
O'erthrown in their hasty flight.
And they too have had their losses ;
For we found the goblets white
And red, in the old spiked mosses,
That they drank from over night ;
And in the pale horn of the woodbine
Was some wine left, clear and bright.
But we found," said the children, speaking
More quickly, "so many things,
That we quite forgot we were seeking ;
Forgot all the Fairy rings :

Forgot all the stories olden,
That we hear round the fire at night,
Of their gifts and their favors golden,
The sunshine was so bright ;
And the flowers—we found so many,
It almost made us grieve
To think there were some, sweet as any,
That we were forced to leave,
As we left by the brookside lying,
The balls of drifted foam,
And brought (after all our trying)
These Guelder roses home."

"Then, O!" I heard one speaking
Beside me, soft and low,
"I have been, like the blessed children, seeking,
Still seeking, high and low ;
But not, like them, for the Fairies ;
They might pass unmourned away
For me, that had looked on angels,
On angels that would not stay ;
No! not though in haste before them
I spread all my heart's best cheer,
And made love my banner o'er them,
If it might but keep them *here* ;

They staid but a while to rest them ;
 Long, long before its close,
From my feast, though I mourned and pressed them,
 The radiant guests arose ;
And their flitting wings struck sadness
 And silence ; never more
Hath my soul won back the gladness
 That was its own before.
No, I mourned not for the Fairies ;
 When I had seen hopes decay,
That were sweet unto my spirit
 So long, I said, ' If *they*
That through shade and sunny weather
 Have twined about my heart
Should fade, we must go together,
 For we can never part.'
But my care was not availing ;
 I found their sweetness gone ;
I saw their bright tints paling ;
 They died—yet I lived on."

Yet seeking, ever seeking,
 Like the children, I have won
A guerdon all undreamed of
 When first my quest begun ;

And my thoughts come back, like wanderers
 Outwearied, to my breast :
What they sought for long they found not,
 Yet was the unsought best ;
For I sought not out for crosses ;
 I did not seek for pain ;
Yet I find the heart's sore losses
 Were the spirit's surest gain.

THE WARRIOR'S BRIDE.

BY J. S. A.

CHAPTER I.

ROME was enjoying the blessings of peace, and so little employment attended the soldier's every-day life that the words "as idle as a soldier," became a proverb indicative of the most listless inactivity.

The people gave themselves up to joy and gladness. The sound of music was heard from all parts of the city, and perfumed breezes went up as an incense from the halls of beauty and mirth.

It was, indeed, a blessed time for the city of the seven hills, and its people rejoiced as they had not for many a long, long year—ay, for a century.

"Peace, sweet Peace, a thousand blessings attend thy glad reign. See you how quietly the peasant's flocks graze on our eternal hills? The tinkling bell is a sweeter sound than the trumpet's blast, and the curling smoke, arising from the hearth stones of con-





tented villagers, is a truer index of a nation's power than the sulphurous cloud from the field of battle. What say you, Alett, is it not?"

Thus spake a youth of noble mien, as he stood with one arm encircling the waist of a lady, of whose beauty it were useless to attempt a description. There are some phases of beauty which pen cannot describe nor pencil portray—a beauty which seems to hover around the form, words, and motions of those whose special recipients it is; a sort of ethereal loveliness, concentrating the tints of the rainbow, the sun's golden rays, and so acting upon the mind's eye of the observer as almost to convince him that a visitant from a sphere whose perfection sin has never marred is in his presence.

Such was that of Alett. She was the only daughter of a distinguished general, whose name was the terror of all foes, and the confidence of all friends, of Italy—his eldest daughter; and with love approaching idolatry he cherished her. She was his confidant. In the privacy of her faithful heart he treasured all his plans and purposes. Of late, the peaceful security in which the nation dwelt gave him the opportunity of remaining at home, where, in the companionship of a wife he fondly loved, children he almost idolized, and friends whose friendship was not fictitious, he found

that joy and comfort which the camp could never impart.

Alett was ever in the presence of her father, or the young man whose apostrophe to peace we have just given.

Rubineau was not the descendant of a noble family, in the worldly acceptance of the term. It was noble, indeed, but not in deeds of war or martial prowess. Its nobleness consisted in the steady perseverance in well doing, and a strict attachment to what conscience dictated as right opinions. The general loved him for the inheritance he possessed in such traits of character, and the love which existed between his daughter and the son of a plebeian was countenanced under such considerations, with one proviso; which was, that, being presented with a commission, he should accept it, and hold himself in readiness to leave home and friends, when duty should call him to the field of battle.

We have introduced the two standing on a beautiful eminence, in the rear of the general's sumptuous mansion.

The sun was about going down, and its long, golden rays streamed over hill and dale, palace and cot, clothing all in a voluptuous flow of rich light.

They had stood for several moments in silence,

gazing at the quiet and beautiful scene before them, when the musical voice of Rubineau broke forth in exclamations of delight at the blessings of peace.

Alett was not long in answering. It was a theme on which she delighted to dwell. Turning the gaze of her large full eye up towards those of Rubineau, she said,—

“Even so it is. Holy peace! It is strange that men will love the trumpet’s blast, and the smoke and the heat of the conflict, better than its gentle scenes. Peace, Peace! blessings on thee as thou givest blessings.”

Rubineau listened to the words of his Alett with a soul of admiration. He gazed upon her with feelings he had never before felt, and which it was bliss for him to experience.

She, the daughter of an officer, brought up amid all the glare and glitter, show and blazonry, of military life,—she, who had seen but one side of the great panorama of martial life,—to speak thus in praise of peace, and disparagingly of the profession of her friends—it somewhat surprised the first speaker.

“It is true,” he replied, “but how uncertain is the continuance of the blessings we now enjoy! To-morrow may sound the alarm which shall call me from your side to the strife and tumult of war. Instead of your gentle words, I may hear the shouts of the

infuriated soldiery, the cry of the wounded, and the sighs of the dying."

"Speak not so," exclaimed Alett; "it must not be."

"Do you not love your country?" inquired the youth.

"I do, but I love Rubineau more. There are warriors enough ready for the battle. It need not be that you go. But why this alarm? We were talking of peace, and behold now we have the battle field before us — war and all its panoply."

"Pardon me, my dearest Alett, for borrowing trouble; but at times, when I am with you and thinking of our present joy, the thought will arise that it may be taken from us." No more words were needed to bring to the mind of Alett all that filled that of Rubineau. They embraced each the other more affectionately than ever, and silently repaired to the house of the general.

CHAPTER II.

"To remain will be dishonor, to go may be death. When a Roman falls, the foe has one more arrow aimed at his heart; an arrow barbed with revenge and sent with unerring precision. Hark! that shout

is music to every soldier's ear. Hear you that tramp of horsemen? that rumbling of chariot wheels?"

Twelve months had passed since the time of the last chapter, and after repeated threatenings war had actually begun.

Instead of idle hours, the soldiers had busy moments, and every preparation was made to meet the opposing array in a determined manner, and with a steadiness of purpose that should insure success.

The general watched for some time the fluctuating appearance of public affairs, and it was not until war was not only certain, but actually in progress, that he called upon Rubineau to go forth.

A week hence Rubineau and Alett were to be united in marriage, and invitations had been extended far and near, in anticipation of the event. It had been postponed from week to week, with the hope that the various rumors that were circulated respecting impending danger to the country might prove untrue, or at least to have a foundation on some weak pretence which reasonable argument might overthrow.

Day by day these rumors increased, and the gathering together of the soldiery betokened the certainty of an event which would fall as a burning meteor in the midst of the betrothed and their friends.

The call for Rubineau to depart was urgent, and its answer admitted of no delay.

"To remain," said the general, "will be dishonor; to go may be death: which will you choose?"

It was a hard question for the young man to answer. But it must be met. The general loved him, and with equal unwillingness the question was presented and received.

"I go. If Rubineau falls ——"

"If he returns," exclaimed the general, interrupting him, "honor, and wealth, and a bride who loves and is loved, shall be his—all his."

It was a night of unusual loveliness. The warm and sultry atmosphere of the day had given place to cool and gentle breezes. The stars were all out, shining as beacons at the gates of a paradise above, and the moon began and ended her course without the attendance of one cloud to veil her beauties from the observation of the dwellers on earth.

Rubineau and Alett were seated beneath a bower, cultivated by the fair hand of the latter.

The next morning Rubineau was to depart. All the happy scenes of the coming week were to be delayed, and the thought that they might be delayed long—ay, forever—came like a shadow of

evil to brood in melancholy above the place and the hour.

We need not describe the meeting, the parting.

"Whatever befalls me, I shall not forget you, Alett. Let us hope for the best. Yet a strange presentment I have that I shall not return."

"O that I could go with you!" said Alett. "Think you father would object?"

"That were impossible. Nothing but love, true and enduring, could make such a proposal. It would be incurring a twofold danger."

"Death would be glorious with you, life insupportable without you."

In such conversation the night passed, and when the early light of morning came slowly up the eastern sky, the sound of a trumpet called him away.

The waving of a white flag was the last signal, and the general, all unused to tears as he was, mingled his with those of his family as the parting kiss was given, and Rubineau started on a warfare, the result of which was known only to Hira who governs the destinies of nations and of individuals.

And now, in the heat of the conflict the war raged furiously. Rubineau threw himself in the front rank, and none was more brave than he. It seemed to his

fellow-officers that he was urged on by some unseen agency, and guarded from injury by some spirit of good.

To himself but one thought was in his mind, and, regardless of danger, he pressed forward for a glorious victory, and honor to himself and friends.

Those whose leader he was were inspirited by his courageous action, and followed like true men where he led the way.

They had achieved several victories, and were making an onset upon numbers fourfold as large as their own, when their leader received a severe wound, and falling from his noble horse, would have been trampled to death by his followers, had not those who had seen him fall formed a circle around, as a protection for him.

This serious disaster did not dampen the ardor of the soldiers; they pressed on, carried the point, and saw the foe make a rapid retreat.

The shouts of victory that reached the ears of Rubineau came with a blessing. He raised himself, and shouted, "On, brave men!" But the effort was too much for him to sustain for any length of time, and he fell back, completely exhausted.

He was removed to a tent, and had every attention bestowed upon him. As night approached, and

the cool air of evening fanned his brow, he began to revive, but not in any great degree.

The surgeon looked sad. There was evidently reason to fear the worst; and accustomed as he was to such scenes, he was now but poorly prepared to meet it.

"Rubineau is expiring," whispered a lad, as he proceeded quietly among the ranks of soldiers surrounding the tent of the wounded.

And it was so. His friends had gathered around his couch, and conscious of the approach of his dissolution, he bade them all farewell, and kissed them.

"Tell her I love I die an honorable death; tell her that her Rubineau fell where the arms of the warriors clashed the closest, and that victory hovered above him as his arm grew powerless; and, O, tell her that it was all for her sake, that love for her nerved his arm, and love for her is borne upward on his last, his dying prayer. Tell her to love as I——"

"He is gone, sir," said the surgeon.

"Gone!" exclaimed a dozen voices.

"A brave man has fallen," remarked another, as he raised his arm and wiped the flowing tears from his cheek.

CHAPTER III.

At the mansion of the old general, every arrival of news from the war sent a thrill of joy through the hearts of its inmates. Hitherto, every despatch told of victory and honor; but now, a sad chapter was to be added to the history of the conflict.

Alett trembled as she beheld the slow approach of the messenger, who at all previous times had come with a quick step. In her soul she felt the keen edge of the arrow that was just entering it, and longed to know all, dreadful though it might be.

Need we describe the scene of fearful disclosure? If the reader has followed the mind of Alett, as from the first it has presumed, conjectured, and fancied, followed all its hopes of future bliss, and seen it revel in the sunshine of honor and earthly fame, he can form some idea, very faint though it must be, of the effect which followed the recital of all the facts in regard to the fallen.

In her wild frenzy of grief, she gave utterance to the deep feelings of her soul with words that told how deep was her sorrow, and how unavailing every endeavor which friends exerted to allay its pangs.

She would not believe him dead. She would imagine him at her side, and would talk to him of peace, "sweet peace," and laugh in clear and joyous tones as she pictured its blessings, and herself enjoying with him its comforts.

Thus, with enthroned reason she would give vent to grief, and with her reason dethroned be glad and rejoice.

And so passed her lifetime.

Often, all day long, attired in bridal raiment, the same in which she had hoped to be united indissolubly to Rubineau, she remained seated in a large oaken chair, while at her side stood the helmet and spear he had carried forth on the morning when they parted. At such times she was as calm as an infant's slumberings, and saying that she was waiting for the sound of the marriage bells; asked why they did not ring, and sat for hours in all the beauty of loveliness — the Warrior's Bride.

ON A WITHERED BOUQUET.

E. S.

WHEN beneath my Cynthia's smile —
Smile, fit image of her heart! —
All your beauty blushed a while,
Soon from its frail throne to part, —

Fairer ye than those that spring
'Neath the foot of radiant May;
Fairer than the wood nymphs bring
Offerings to the god of day.

But when I, with ruthless hand,
Plucked ye from your blissful seat,
Like a wreck upon the strand
That the incessant surges beat, —

All your beauty ruined lay —
Drooping fell your faded leaves:
So the exile far away
For his own loved country grieves!

Ah! how like our common lot!
Blessed alone when she is nigh —
Banished from the charmed spot,
Plunged in grief, we lingering die!

MADAME GOETZENBERGER'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I wish you had all been at old Frau Goetzenberger's last Christmas Eve! But as you were not, and as you know nothing about it, the best thing I can do is to tell you exactly how it was, who was there, and what came of it.

Old Frau Goetzenberger lived, or rather lives — but we will speak of it in the past tense — she lived, I say, in an old university town in the south of Germany; a very old-fashioned town it was, with all sorts of old memories and traditions connected with it. The university, with its tall, red roof, looked as dark and ancient as the church, which had a tall, red roof to correspond; and the church looked quite as old as the gray limestone rocks which stood up, like huge, frowning walls, round the little town.

Not far from the university stood a large, heavy, dismal-looking stone building, like a great, gloomy

town hall; the lower front windows, which looked upon the street, were all guarded with strong iron work, composed of upright bars, with iron scrolls among them, which gave it very much the appearance of a prison. In the centre of this building was a wide, round-arched gateway, in the projecting keystone of which grinned a stone face. The face protruded its tongue from its leering mouth, its nose was curled up, and its ears were of an unusual length. It was, upon the whole, as ugly a face as you would wish to see, and it seemed to grin down upon every body who approached the gateway. So wide was this gateway, that a coach and four might have driven into it; and on either hand, soon after you entered, you came to a wide, stone staircase, with iron balustrades, which led up to the dwellings of many families — of a dozen, at least — who inhabited this great, old house, most of them being professors or students, belonging to the university.

Between this old house and the university lay a large garden, full of trees and walks, and with a fountain, which fell into a great stone basin, in the middle of a grass plat, which was not, I am sorry to say, by any means neatly kept, for two or three milk women cut the grass with sickles for their cows. This garden, to a certain extent, was public; that is,

was common to about a dozen different houses opening into it, and which were all occupied, more or less, by people connected with the university, who had thus, as it were, a privileged private entrance, either to the great university library, or to ordinary lectures and classes. Hence it was that the houses opening into this *universitäts garten*, as it was called, brought a higher rent than any others, and the people residing there were looked upon as the *élite*; it was, in fact, the Belgravia of the town.

On the principal floor of that great old house with the grinning face over the door, lived the most celebrated professor in the whole university — the Herr von Hoffman, professor of Roman law; a very learned man, whose fame extended over all Germany. So great, indeed, was he, that the king, not many years before, had presented him with a patent of nobility, and hence it was that he had *von* before his name. He was, in fact, the Herr Baron von Hoffman; but he preferred being called simply the Herr Professor, because he had more pleasure in being a great teacher than in being a baron. He was not, however, an old man; he was only a little turned forty, and this was his first year at the famous old university when I introduce him to your knowledge.

He was a very quiet, domestic man, was this

Professor von Hoffman, and there was nothing in the world which he wished so much for as a sweet-tempered, good, little wife, and a dear, happy family of pretty children. When he was only twenty, and a student at the old University of Greifswald, his domestic wishes were just the same. But he was a very poor man in those days; nevertheless, he made up his mind to marry as soon as he was able to maintain a wife and family; and more than that, to marry no one else than the pretty Ida, the youngest daughter of old Professor Schmidt, under whom he had studied Roman law; and the sweet-tempered and pretty Ida had promised to be his wife whenever he should be ready to offer her a home. But things did not fall out as either the student Eberhard or his fair Ida hoped. Old Professor Schmidt would not consent to part with his daughter Ida, who was his favorite. He was, unfortunately, a very sour-tempered, obstinate old gentleman; he said that Eberhard was too poor to marry, and could not afford to have a wife. In this way year after year went on; Ida's sister Marie married, and went away to her husband's home, and her mother, the old professor's wife, died, and then there was nobody left to look after him but poor Ida, and, what was worst of all, the old gentleman's temper grew still more and more tyrannical, because he

now suffered so much from rheumatism and tooth-ache.

There did not now seem to be the least chance in the world that Ida could ever leave her father. Eberhard had been away two years, and he grew very impatient. He had risen from *privat docent*, without any salary, to be professor of Roman law in the University of Tübingen. He now could abundantly afford to maintain that dear little wife that was only wanted to complete his happiness; so he wrote to Ida, saying that she must consent to marry him at once, and that, to make all easy and agreeable, the old gentleman, her father, should live with them. Ida was delighted with the proposal; not so the old professor. For what was he to leave Greifswald? No, he had no intention of leaving it! He had not many years to live, and he was not going to be torn up by the roots for any body! It would be the death of him. No, no; he should stop at Greifswald, and Ida might leave him, if she liked; but he would never give his blessing to an undutiful child!

It was very hard both on Ida and her lover. They waited yet a while longer; but Tübingen was a very dull place, and all the professors there were married excepting Eberhard. So at last he wrote to Ida, saying that if she could not marry him, he must look out

for another wife. He quite expected that this would have determined Ida, by one means or another, to obtain her father's consent; but, instead of that, Ida, who was the most generous-hearted and most self-forgetting creature in the world, could not again anger and distress her old father by urging her wishes, and, as she knew what a loving, domestic heart was Eberhard's, and that without family life he could not be happy, she wrote, in reply, that though it broke her heart, she must give him up, for that, to leave her old father in his present state was impossible. She returned to him, therefore, the betrothal ring which she had faithfully worn so many years, and, with anguish of heart and many tears, of which she said nothing, sent off her letter.

The professor received the ring, and read the letter with the deepest grief, disappointment, and some little anger. He believed that Ida's love for him was nothing in comparison with what he had felt for her. He returned to her the ring which he too had worn with equal fidelity, with a long letter, which, instead of comforting, only added to her misery. For several weeks he felt very unhappy and desolate; but all his married friends and acquaintance thought it their duty to be doubly kind to him. What sisters, and nieces, and cousins, all beautiful young ladies,

were introduced to him at suppers and little tea parties, which were got up expressly for the occasion ! And at length it appeared to him that the beautiful Caroline, only daughter of the rich Oberst or Colonel Hoffman, might probably fill the place in his heart left vacant by the loss of his Ida. Caroline, or Lina, as she was called, was reckoned a great match, for her father not only wore many orders at his button hole, but was possessed of a handsome estate and house in the Saxon Switzerland, which, having come to the colonel by his wife, would pass direct to his daughter on his death, with the simple condition of her husband taking the name of Hoffman. A very good match was this for the professor, who, though he was growing into great reputation for learning, had nothing but his head to make money by, and his good heart to make a wife happy with ; and these do not always rank as high in value as gold and silver, houses and lands.

The professor married the beautiful Lina, and not long afterwards, her father dying, her husband came into possession of the fine house and estate in the Saxon Switzerland, and assumed the excellent name of Hoffman, henceforth dropping his own undignified family name of Grün, and by which he had been betrothed to Ida Schmidt. The next event that

occurred to him was the birth of a little daughter, who was called, after her mother, Lina; and soon afterwards he received from his sovereign that patent of nobility which I have mentioned, and which was bestowed upon him in consequence of his great learning, and henceforth he was the Herr Baron von Hoffman.

But wonderful as was the professor's outward prosperity, his domestic happiness was not destined to be of very long continuance. Four years after his marriage, his wife died, leaving him no other child than his little Lina, then about three years old. Very desolate was now the professor's heart and home. As time went on, and the acuteness of the grief caused by the death of his wife a little wore off, he thought about equally of Ida, his first love, and Lina, his child's mother. People wondered that he did not marry again. With his reputation, his title, and his fine estate in the Saxon Switzerland, he might marry any lady in the land. I believe he knew that very well; but, as I said before, he thought a great deal about poor Ida and her hard life with the cross old gentleman, her father. He thought so much, indeed, that five years after his wife's death, when his little Lina was eight years old, he set off during the university *ferien*, or holidays, on a journey to the north,

taking Greifswald in his way. He did not tell a single soul that he did so, but I mention it to you in confidence.

Well, the first thing he did when he arrived at Greifswald was to inquire after old Professor Schmidt and his family. He made his inquiries from an old woman who was knitting by the side of a wood, while a white goat, fastened to her apron string by a long chain, was feeding, and she was keeping two cows, which were likewise grazing, within bounds.

"Of Herr Professor Schmidt ask you?" said the old woman; "he's been dead and buried these six years."

"And Fräulein Ida?"

"No; she's not here. She was an angel! What a daughter she was! She never thought her duty hard; and yet it is unknown what she had to bear, and yet I know, for I was sick nurse in that family for years. Ah, Fräulein Ida! she would have made any man happy; she was such an angel; many's the good chance for herself that she sacrificed to her duty to her father. You never knew Fräulein Ida, then?" asked the old woman.

The professor made a sort of sound which she understood to mean no; therefore she went on: "Then you never knew what an angel she was? She was

cruelly used, sir, by a student; but he's a learned professor now, they tell me; one Eberhard Grün. You, may be, may know him, and can tell me what's become of him, for he studied in Greifswald?"

Again the professor made that peculiar sound which passed for a negative, and the old woman went on: "No; I dare say you don't; but no good could come to him, that's certain. He's married, however, and he was betrothed to Fräulein Ida for several years. I never shall forget her reading of his marriage to her father, for she always read the newspapers to him, and he would have every word: she dropped down in a fainting fit when she read that, and if it had not been for me, who had just come in to tell the Herr Professor that his bran bath was ready, she would have fallen on the stove. Poor Fräulein Ida! And when her friends said to her, as many did at first, how heartless was that Eberhard Grün to leave her as he had done, she used to say, with tears in her eyes, 'Don't blame him. I don't blame him myself. It is a good thing if he does not suffer as I do; and I hope he doesn't.' That was the way she talked. But she's gone from Greifswald now," continued the old woman. "When the Herr Professor died, he left her nothing but his books and papers, and they were not worth much; and soon after his

death, Mrs. Bernhard, the eldest daughter, died also: she had been a widow some years, but she was well off; she left a child, a beautiful little girl, to Fräulein Ida's care, with a small legacy, which brings her in a little income, and after that Fräulein Ida and her little orphan niece went to live with an old aunt of the late Herr Bernhard, but where nobody knows. They did live at Cassell for a time, but they are gone away; but go where she will, Heaven's blessing will light on her, sooner or later; of that I am sure."

"Perhaps," said the Herr Professor von Hoffman, in a voice which was very husky, but which the old woman, not knowing him, supposed to be natural to him—"perhaps she may be married by this time?"

The old woman almost screamed at the idea.

"Married!" repeated she; "married by this time!" and, in her impatience, she gave the poor little goat such a sudden pluck by its chain, that, thinking the tuft of yellow ragwort at which it was smelling was some forbidden fruit, it set up a sharp bleat, and gave a great leap so far in a contrary direction, that the old woman was pulled in her turn. "Married by this time!" repeated she once more; "you gentlemen know nothing about women! Fräulein Ida Schmidt will never marry any man but Eberhard Grün, because she never can love another as she loved him;

and it may please God to make him worthy of her, because, as the Bible says, all things are possible with God!"

"Amen!" said the professor, strangely affected.

The old woman went after her goat, which had now grown very wayward; and he pursued a solitary path which led deep into the wood, and which, in those far-distant days, which the old woman had so sadly recalled, he and his beloved Ida had often trod together.

The tidings which the professor had thus obtained left him in no state of mind to call on any of his old friends in Greifswald. He continued his journey into the north, even as far as Upsala, where, in the library of the old university, he added still more to his amazing amount of learning, and then returned to Tübingen, where he delivered his lectures as formerly.

The next thing that happened to him was, that he was appointed by government to take the law professor's chair in that still more famous university where we first found him. Hither he removed early in the year, and took up, as I told you, his quarters in the principal suit of rooms in that gloomy old house with the iron-barred windows, and the grinning face over the gateway. His spare hours he spent in arranging and cataloguing his immense library, and

the rest of the day in delivering his famous course of lectures, which very soon brought such an access of students to the university, that, with the tradespeople and the middle classes at large, who lived principally by accommodating students, as well as by all the young ladies who thus were provided with so many more agreeable partners at the public and private balls, he was considered quite a benefactor to the town, and, consequently, was very popular with every one.

There was something, however, peculiar in the professor; every body agreed in this; finding it, nevertheless, not difficult to be accounted for, because he was so very learned, and all learned men were unlike common people; they had a right to be odd, and even disagreeable, if they chose. But disagreeable Professor von Hoffman was not; he was only very grave, and had an anxious, self-absorbed look.

The truth was, though nobody knew it, he was very unhappy about poor Fräulein Ida, and could not get her other sorrows out of his head. It is wonderful what a number of letters he wrote to all parts of Germany, to ascertain, if he could, whither she had betaken herself with her little orphan niece, or where this old Madame Bernhard lived who was aunt to the child's father. But he could obtain no satisfactory information. Now and then he fancied he was upon

the right track ; but when he came to pursue it farther, — and he took many long journeys for this purpose, — it always ended in disappointment.

Thus time wore on. He lived in a dream of hope and disappointment, busied over the endless arrangement of his books, and looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, as he crossed the great university garden to his lectures. On summer afternoons the garden was full of people, who turned out from the surrounding houses. Ladies sat with their knitting on the various benches and under the trees ; children played about, and the milk women cut the grass for their cows. Every body knew him ; but he knew nobody, took notice of nobody. "That is the way," said they, "with all these learned men ; their eyes are turned inwards."

It must have been a very dull, unnatural sort of life for little Lina von Hoffman, if she had had no more cheerful person with her than her father, as he appeared to the world ; but I assure you her life was by no means without its pleasures. In an evening she was with her father, and then came out something of the joy and affection which lived in his large, warm heart. Little Lina knew very well what a glorious and noble human being was her father, and to him she opened all her little heart. She showed him how

her knitting progressed, and how many additional stitches she had done in her Berlin-wool work ; but not a word did she say to him about those beautiful slippers which, soon after midsummer, she had begun to work for him. O, no ! not a word of them ; they were a great secret in her heart, and were to remain so until they should be brought forth by the wonderful Christ-child at Christmas, who, she knew from old experience, would then bring something very charming for her. Of these things Lina spoke to her father, but most of all she spoke of her little friend Sänchen, who lived at the end of the garden, in such pretty rooms, with her old great-aunt Goetzenberger, who was quite, quite blind, yet such a cheerful old lady, and with aunt Ida, who was just like an angel. Lina now knew what angels must be like ; they must be like Sänchen's aunt Ida, if she had only wings. She wore such beautiful light silks ; and she had such lovely hands, and such a beautiful face. O, there never was any lady that smiled as she did.

It was wonderful what pleasure our good professor felt in hearing his darling Lina thus talking of her friends. There was an inexpressible charm to him in that sweet name of Ida. If it had not been for the old lady, and even aunt Ida, as he believed, being called Goetzenberger, he might, perhaps, have

taken it into his head that this might be his own long-lost Ida. But he never did; and when little Lina saw him walking from his afternoon lectures across the garden, and ran to him, saying, "There's aunt Ida!" he never even gave himself the trouble to look at her, but, catching up the child in his arms, carried her to the house with him. Aunt Ida, on her part, saw him only at a distance: there was something about him which painfully reminded her of an old, long-lost lover, and for that very reason she purposely avoided meeting him. She did not wish to walk over the grave, as it were, of those buried feelings, on the death-like repose of which alone depended her own peace of mind.

Little Lina went very often to Frau Goetzenberger's. She found it much more cheerful there than at her own home. Her father's rooms were all lined with dark, old books, piles of which still lay on the floor, and over which she was sure to tumble if she did not take great care; besides which, there was always such a smell of tobacco smoke, for, like all learned Germans, he was a great smoker. "If I had a wife," said he to himself, "I should rarely smoke; but it is now my only amusement." So the rooms were full of a smoke cloud, which circled about her father's head, and curled up into all the dark

corners and into the vacant spaces on the shelves, and which filled the curtains, and even her father's hair, with a never-dying smell of tobacco. Very different were Frau Goetzenberger's rooms. All was light and cheerful there, and a fresh, delicious odor seemed to pervade every thing. The floor of the sitting room was of inlaid wood, which gave a very pretty effect, and a very beautiful carpet of needlework, deeply fringed, was laid before each of the two sofas. On one of these sofas always sat the old blind lady, in her rich black satin and large gray shawl. To look at her, nobody would have supposed her to be blind, for there was nothing unsightly or strange in the appearance of her eyes, and yet they could see no more than if they were stones. She appeared to be, and was really, very cheerful; had learned to go about their rooms by herself; the only difference between herself and other people being that she walked very slowly, feeling her way from point to point, and treading as softly as if her feet had been shod with velvet. She was always employed in knitting, and this prevented time from seeming long to her.

Ida, as little Lina often told her father, was like a gentle, lovely angel; not because she was so young and beautiful, but because she looked so pure and good. Aunt Ida, indeed, was no longer young; she

was considerably turned of thirty ; was thin and pale ; her countenance, to thoughtful observers, looking as if at some former time she had known great sorrow, though now her soul was bright and cheerful in the peace of resignation and faith in God. Her joy lay in the fulfilment of her duty, and this now was no longer painful. She surrounded the blind lady with objects of beauty ; though they could not gladden her sight, still she said their influence was felt. Every thing was elegant and pure. Beautiful flowers in pots stood in the windows, and gathered flowers in a glass vase stood ever on the table, among cheerful-spirited books, from which Ida read at least half the day. Sometimes she played exquisite pieces of music to her ; and this the blind lady loved best of all, for Ida played divinely.

Lina often told her father about aunt Ida's playing, and at length, one evening, Barbet, their maid, accompanied her home, with a request from aunt Ida that the professor would permit his little daughter to take in future her music lesson with Sänchen, which would be such a pleasure to every one. The professor could not object ; he returned a message by Barbet which was satisfactory to all parties. "The Herr Professor von Hoffman was much honored by the interest which the Fräulein Ida Goetzenberger

took in his little daughter's progress in music, and that he should feel infinitely obliged if she would condescend to instruct her with her niece; and that the Herr Professor hoped before long to have the honor of thanking in person the Frau and Fräulein Goetzenberger for the kindness they had so long shown to his little daughter." Barbet was very clever in delivering verbal messages; she did not, therefore, omit or vary one word.

Ida smiled. "My name is not Goetzenberger," said she; "but that is of no moment." From that time little Lina took her lessons with Sänchen, and thus the best understanding grew up between the two families, the heads of which had never as yet spoken to each other. The little girl was much more at Frau Goetzenberger's than at her own home, and thus the professor found his room more desolate than ever. "But never mind," said the good man; "she is much happier with our cheerful neighbors than she can be with me." He sighed and thought of that fair Ida, who existed still, but not for him, and blew tremendous puffs of smoke out of his long, handsomely-painted pipe.

It was now the autumn *ferien*, and a letter came to the professor which took him at once from home. A trusty friend of his had found in Königsberg a

Madame Bernhard and a Fräulein Ida Schmidt, who were living together. They seemed to answer the description of the persons he was in search of, more especially as Fräulein Schmidt, it was said, was from a northern university town. Off, therefore, set our good professor, once more fondly hoping that she whom he had sought so long was at length found. He set off at night, when his little Lina, who had spent the day at the good neighbors', was in bed, and, kissing her in her sleep, and leaving a note for Fräulein Ida, was a long way on his journey before she woke. The note, which little Lina presented next morning, was addressed, as the professor believed correctly, to Fräulein Goetzenberger, and it said that the Professor von Hoffman was suddenly called from home on business of great importance, and begged to commend his little Lina to the kind attentions of Fräulein Ida Goetzenberger during his absence. Again aunt Ida smiled, and remarked that her name was not Goetzenberger, adding, however, that it was not of much importance; and she undertook the charge of little Lina with right good will. The professor had written his note in great haste, and it was such an almost unintelligible scrawl as scarcely ever was seen; but there was for all that a something in the handwriting which made our dear Ida look at it again

and again. "There is a something about it that reminds me of a handwriting that was very dear to me many years ago," sighed she to herself, "but all learned men, to a certain degree, write alike;" and she put the note into her work box.

Little Lina was as welcome as daylight. "It is such an excellent thing," Ida said, "for Sänchen to have a companion of her own age, and besides, little Lina is a very lovable child; there is a something about her which has taken strange hold of my heart;" and so saying, she once more took the note from her work box and read it through, though there was nothing more to puzzle out in it. I can hardly tell why she did so, yet it is a fact nevertheless.

"I am to be your child while papa is away!" said little Lina, throwing her arms round aunt Ida's neck. "I wish you were my mamma, I love you so dearly!"

Poor Ida! the letter, or rather the recollections that it called up, and the words of the child, stirred her heart very strangely. She clasped the little one in her arms, kissed her with tender emotion, and said that from that time she should call her aunt Ida, as little Sänchen did, and they two should be sisters.

The poor professor had a fruitless journey, all that long, long way to Königsberg: he travelled night

and day to find, once more, a disappointment. The Fräulein Ida Schmidt was, he found, older than himself, and the Madame Bernhard was her niece. It was a mistake altogether, and a sad disappointment to the poor professor, who immediately leaving Königsberg made another long journey to Carlsbad, where he determined to spend the autumn *ferien*. In the mean time, all was as happy as could be at the house of Frau Goetzenberger. The children's lessons were joyful amusements; they played together the sweetest little duets; they sang with aunt Ida, and they danced while she played. They wore, at the same time, their white frocks, and their pink frocks; they called each other sister, and they lived as if the relationship had been real.

The days had shortened greatly before the professor returned, and during the long evenings Frau Goetzenberger many a time spoke of her Christmas tree, and of the marvellous things which the Christ-child would lay beneath it. Little Lina had finished the slippers for her papa, and Sänchen was working him a cover for his queer oil-skin tobacco bag, while Lina threaded steel beads on dark-blue netting silk, for the beautiful purse which aunt Ida had begun to knit for him. She had once before, many years ago, knitted such a purse for that very student, Eberhard,

of whom she retained such tender, yet painful recollections. The note which the Professor von Hoffman had sent her about his little Lina must indeed have had a strange effect upon her, for it was the sight of that very note which had determined her to make just such another purse for him. She was now, therefore, knitting it while little Lina threaded the beads, and Sänchen worked the tobacco bag.

When the children were gone to bed, the purse was put aside, and so was Frau Goetzenberger's usual knitting; and out came two beautiful pieces of wool knitting, which were destined, in the end, to become two pretty little jackets of sky-blue, with white borders, as Christmas presents from Frau Goetzenberger to the two little girls. Ida helped her, therefore, at night; she did all the difficult parts, and thus the work went on, both with rapidity and accuracy.

The professor returned just in time for the commencement of the winter session, or *semester*, as it is called. The number of students was now much greater than ever, and the professor, who had been studying hard at Carlsbad, in order to add new matter to his lectures, was consequently more than ordinarily busy. He had not even time to call on his good neighbors to thank them for the care they had taken of his Lina, and he thought her greatly improved during his

absence. He sent, however, once more a verbal message by his old servant, Gretchen, to thank them, and to say that as early as possible he would call.

Lina, who found her home very dull in comparison with her little friend Sänchen's, was but seldom with her father, whose time, as I said before, would be, until Christmas, so very much occupied. Little Sänchen sometimes went home with Lina, but the grave looks of the professor rather frightened her; besides, having lived all her life with ladies, she had not been used to tobacco smoke, which she greatly disliked; therefore Lina, in order that she might enjoy her society, spent most evenings still at Frau Goetzenberger's. The two ladies, Frau Goetzenberger and Fräulein Ida, knew enough of learned professors to be quite sure that no slight was intended them, although the Professor von Hoffman did not call. They were by no means exacting, and they thought that he had done all that could be required from so learned and so celebrated a man, whose time was more valuable than gold, when he had sent them a polite message of thanks, by Gretchen.

At length Christmas was at hand, when the professor's labors were remitted for a time, and when, learned as he was, he knew that it was his duty, as well as every body else's, to have a Christmas tree,

and to make a present to every one, rich or poor, whom he either loved or respected, or to whom he was under an obligation of gratitude. All these things, learned man as he was, he took into consideration. "If," thought he to himself, "I had found my Ida Schmidt at Königsberg, I should have laid out a hundred florins, at the least, in a Christmas present for her; but, alas, such good luck was not for me! The hundred florins, as far as she is concerned, still remain in my purse. I must, however, make those good ladies, Frau and Fräulein Goetzenberger, a handsome present, because they have been so good to Lina. Poor, dear, little Lina! what a blessing it would have been to her had I but found my Ida! but it is no use lamenting. The day after to-morrow is Christmas eve; there is, therefore, no time to lose. I must have a Christmas tree in my dull room for Lina; she shall find beneath it not only a present for herself, but also for her kind friends, and I will take her in myself to present them. I have too long neglected to call on them to return them my thanks. If they ask me to stop and eat a little salad and sausage that night, and to drink good wishes to them in a glass of wine, I will do so: that will be much better than stopping here by myself."

With these thoughts, out came the professor's purse:

a purse, for all the world, just like that which Ida was finishing at that very moment for him. He looked at the purse and sighed. Why did he sigh? for it was not by any means an empty purse. He thought to himself, as he looked at it, "This purse is many years old. I have kept it carefully, and never used it until I set out on that luckless journey to Königsberg, for I thought, if it should be my Ida, I would prove to her by the purse, which I had treasured so long, how much I had valued her gift!" and again the professor sighed.

But sighing would not buy either his Christmas tree or the presents for his Lina's friends. He thought himself, and soon decided that he would buy some splendid fur for the ladies. This was always acceptable. For Fräulein Ida he would buy ermine, and for the old lady sable. He would purchase the best that money could buy, and to the children he would be as good a benefactor as if he were a fairy godfather, if there ever were such beings. He filled both ends of his purse. I cannot tell you how much money he put into it; and, throwing round him his large fur-collared blue cloak, and putting on his overshoes, he set off into the town, where he made such astonishing purchases as put every shopkeeper into good humor for a week. He bought also an enormous

Christmas tree, standing in its green garden, with sugar sweetmeats innumerable; and all were received safely into the house by ten o'clock, which, in that old-fashioned town, was a late hour.

On the morning before Christmas day, Frau Goetzenberger sent over her old servant Barbet with her compliments, and she begged that the Herr Baron von Hoffman would do her the honor to bring in his little Lina at five o'clock to see her Christmas tree, and afterwards to eat a little salad and sausage and to drink a glass of wine with her and Fräulein Ida.

The professor hesitated to reply. "He was intending," he said, "to have a Christmas tree at home for his little Lina, and would have invited the ladies to his rooms, but that he could not think of bringing them out at night." He therefore returned his compliments by Barbet, and begged that Frau Goetzenberger would oblige him by deferring her Christmas tree for half an hour; and still further, would she permit her little grandniece Sänchen to come over and see what the good Christ-child might bring, after which he would have the pleasure of accompanying the two children to Frau Goetzenberger's, and would feel much honor in partaking of supper with her and Fräulein Ida.

Again Barbet crossed the garden to assure the

Herr Professor that nothing could be more satisfactory than this arrangement.

Very busy was the good professor all that morning in his library, the door of which was locked, so that Lina, had she been so disposed, could not even have peeped in. He had a deal to do about his Christmas tree, and often and often did he wish that he had but some skilful female fingers to aid him. How he managed it all by himself I really cannot say; however, at half past four o'clock, little Sänchen was brought over in a new pale-blue silk frock, with black satin shoes on, and little black silk mits, and with her lovely flaxen hair plaited like a crown round her head, and conducted into the professor's sitting room, which looked very gloomy with its black stove and one lamp, with a blue shade over it. Here, however, she was rapturously received by Lina, likewise dressed in a new pink silk frock, with her little black satin slippers on, and little black silk mits, and with her dark hair plaited just like Sänchen's.

The next moment a little bell was heard to ring, which the children knew to be *Christkindchen's*, and the door between the library and sitting room opened, and there was a sight for them! Such a blaze of light! such a Christmas tree! all hung over with beautiful things — dolls, and work boxes, and cakes,

and sugar birds, and dogs, and milkmaids, and Tyrolian shepherds. O, it was beautiful! And there were muffs and tippets, of ermine and sable! But those could not be either for Lina or Sänchen.

"No," the professor said, his countenance beaming with joy (Sänchen was no longer afraid of him) as he eyed the two lovely children who stood so beautifully hand in hand before him—"no, those fur tippets and muffs the Christkindchen had told him were for Frau Goetzenberger and Fräulein Ida."

Sänchen clapped her hands for joy, because aunt Ida had wished for an ermine tippet, and the great-aunt Goetzenberger loved to be warm. But where was the good Christkindchen that had brought these beautiful things?

The professor smiled, and said that Christkindchen was in such a hurry to be off to Frau Goetzenberger's, that she would not stop to say where the things came from. Lina flung her arms round her father's neck and kissed him. She knew, she said, where the things had come from, for Gretchen had told her something. She loved her papa dearly, because it was *he* who had bought those nice warm things for Fräulein Ida and Frau Goetzenberger, and he had bought things for other people beside! The good papa! he had not forgotten old Martin, who lived in

the court below, and had such a bad leg; nor Gretchen, nor Barbet, nor the poor milkwoman and all her children, nor the shoemaker who was ill.

Certainly the good professor must have had an excellent, thoughtful heart, thus to remember every body! I assure you he had. Little Sänchen kissed him, and thought nothing about the tobacco smoke. But now it was half past five, and Barbet was come to carry Sänchen across the snowy garden; the professor was to carry Lina. They set out, accompanied by Gretchen with a lantern in one hand and a basket in the other, containing the gifts which had been left by Christkindchen under the professor's tree for Frau Goetzenberger and her household.

While the professor took off his cloak and overshoes, the children rushed in, having easily slipped out of the large shawls in which they were wrapped, to tell of the wonderful things that had happened, and of the wonderful things they brought; but there was no aunt Ida to listen to them. Frau Goetzenberger sat, all dressed in her best, on her sofa, with a green-shaded lamp before her, and with no knitting in her hands. But where was aunt Ida? She was gone, the old lady said, to receive the Christkindchen, who was every moment expected. They must sit down and wait patiently; good little children always did so.

"But, aunt," said Sänchen, "here is the Herr Professor."

"Ah, indeed!" returned the old lady, in quite another voice, for from being blind she was not aware that he had approached the table before her. "Bring him here to me, my dear; I am truly glad to see the Herr Professor."

He took her hand kindly, and seated himself beside her. There was something inexpressibly attractive to him in all that he saw around him; he felt his heart drawn, as it were, to the old blind lady, as if she had been his mother, and he spoke words of unfeigned kindness, in a voice which went equally to her heart. She apologized that Ida was not present to receive him; she had, said she, much to do on an occasion of that kind, as the Herr Professor no doubt knew. Of course he knew perfectly well; the Christkindehen must always be well received; he feared that he himself had not done her all due honor, for she was in so great hurry to depart that the little ones had not seen even the shimmering of her wings.

"But we saw what she left," said Sänchen, heaping the beautiful furs on the table before the old lady; "feel what she brought for you;" and taking up her hand, she passed it over the fur; "she brought you

a sable muff and tippet, and the same for aunt Ida, only ermine!"

"My dear," remonstrated aunt Goetzenberger, "this is too much! Christkindchen does not bring such presents as these!"

"But my papa does!" said little Lina; "and I am so glad, and I love him so for it!" said she, springing to his knee and kissing him.

"This is quite too much, Herr Professor," said the old lady, turning to him.

He made no reply, for at that very moment a little silver bell rang, and a sight presented itself which dazzled all eyes. The professor's tree, with all his skill, was nothing to this. How indeed could it have been? This was all arranged by Fräulein Ida herself, and there was nobody in all Germany who could make these things so beautiful as she.

But where was Fräulein Ida all this time? The children hardly thought of her, so wholly was their attention occupied by the wonderful tree, with all its wonderful fruits, and by the lovely Christkindchen herself, who, in soft, flowing white muslin, which fell in folds to her feet, and was confined at the waist by a silver girdle, stood in front of her tree. She had silvery, shining wings on her shoulders, and a little

silver crown on her head. Never was a more beautiful figure beheld. She looked like a pure angel just descended from heaven. The children stood in the open doorway, with their hands extended and their eyes fixed in delighted wonder. Dear old Frau Goetzenberger saw nothing, or certainly she would have observed the extraordinary effect which this vision produced on the Herr Professor.

Christkindchen spoke — her words were in poetry — beautiful, softly-flowing poetry, full of tenderness and love. The professor had silently risen, and now stood in the shadow of the long curtain which was withdrawn from the door; for he did not dare to trust himself within the light. Very powerful was the effect of that low, sweet voice upon him; he had known one like it in former years; and did not, in truth, his long-lost and beloved Ida now stand before him? O, what a divine gift had not the Christkindchen brought him! I assure you that the professor, standing there in the shade of that curtain, shed tears of joy. "God, perhaps, deems me at length deserving of her!" thought he, remembering the words of the old woman at Greifswald; and he silently thanked God.

"But where is the Herr Professor?" at length exclaimed Christkindchen, when now, having concluded

her poetical address, she proceeded to appropriate her gifts. "Let him come forward, for here I find a beautiful pair of slippers from his little daughter, every stitch being done by her tiny fingers. I have also a purse knitted with beads of steel upon a dark-blue ground, to represent the stars of heaven on Christmas eve: this is from a lady who wishes well to the excellent Herr Professor. But where is he?"

The Herr Professor stepped forward. He said not a word, but, advancing to Christkindchen, took her hand in his, and whispered softly, "My Ida!" All at once Christkindchen's other hand dropped powerless to her side, and she lay motionless in the professor's arms. He carried her to the unoccupied sofa, speaking words of the utmost tenderness; the children began to cry; poor blind Frau Goetzenberger rose up, felt her way round her table, and, advancing forward, exclaimed, "What has happened! O Ida! Ida! speak, my child; art thou ill? Do, somebody, tell me what has happened!" repeated she in impatient terror.

"Papa has kissed her! She is better now," exclaimed little Lina, still sobbing.

Ida raised herself from the sofa, and leaned her head, weeping, on the professor's shoulder. He kissed her hands and her forehead many times, and then, as

poor old Frau Goetzenberger still impatiently inquired what had happened, he turned round, and said, "I have found here her whom I have sought for years — the betrothed of my youth! Pardon me, madam, if I have forgotten myself — pardon me, Ida, if I have been too abrupt!"

"O Eberhard!" said Ida, rising, "how is this? But take off all this finery first, which is not real — these wings and this crown: let me not find any thing unreal at this moment. And you, Eberhard, how can you be the Herr von Hoffman?"

He explained it in a few words. "And you," said he — "you are called Ida Goetzenberger. How is that?"

"Nobody calls me so but you," she replied, smiling; "I am Ida Schmidt."

"But I understood," said he, "that my Ida lived with Madame Bernhard."

"My maiden name was Bernhard," said the old lady, who now understood it all, for she knew the history of Ida's early love; "my nephew it was who married Ida's sister. I am not aunt to Ida, but only great-aunt to Sänchen; but they are both my children. Ida is dear to me as a daughter; she has been a daughter to me!" and the blind eyes of the dear old lady shed tears.

The professor told the history of his many fruitless journeys in search of her who was so near to him after all. In a while they all laughed together.

Together they walked to the yet brilliant Christmas tree: they looked at the various presents; he took up the new purse, and compared it with the old one. Ida saw how her present, given so many years ago, had been treasured. The children sat one on each of the professor's knees, and he told Sänchen that he should like to be her uncle, and he told Lina that he hoped aunt Ida would be her mother. The old lady sat by and smiled, for she saw it all, although not with the outward sight; and she blessed God that he had given so much happiness to those who were so dear to her.

The professor ate his sausage and salad with Frau Goetzenberger that night, and so he did every night until early in May, when, having made his own habitation very neat and cheerful, arranged all his books by the help of a poor student, whom he paid handsomely, and furnished, in beautiful style, several new rooms, Ida became his wife; and Frau Goetzenberger, and little Sänchen, and old Barbet moved across the university garden, and took up their abode with their new relative, in the great old house with the grinning face over the gateway.

That same summer an operation was performed on the eyes of Frau Goetzenberger by a famous oculist, a friend of the professor, and she fully regained her sight; and in the autumn they all spent the holidays on little Sänchen's splendid property in the beautiful Saxon Switzerland, the professor, at the request of Ida, having secured it to his little daughter, in right of her deceased mother, retaining only for himself its income during her minority.

Such is the history of the wonderful occurrences on Frau Goetzenberger's last Christmas eve.

FLOWER ANGELS.

RUCKERT.

THE angels, dear maiden, that round us be,
Are gentle and beautiful like to thee ;
Though we cannot see them with mortal sight,
When they visit earth from the realms of light.

And if it be thou wert never told
Where chiefly their home the angels hold,
When heaven they leave for this world of ours,
I'll tell thee—their homes they make the flowers.

Each floweret blooming in sunshine or shade
Is a pavilion by angel made,
Where he rests a while, till again he flies
To his mansion bright in the azure skies.

And as each on his dwelling thought bestows,
So care for his, too, the angel shows ;
Within and without he decks it fair,
That pleasant may be his lodging there.

He fetches him store of sunbeams bright,
And borders his roof with a fringe of light;
He fetches him colors of every dye,
And painteth his walls with an artist's eye.

Lest he hunger on earth, he bakes him bread
Of the glittering dust o'er the floweret spread,
And brews him his nectar of pearly dew,
Keeping house in all as one used thereto.

And joy it is to the flower to see
Its tenant employed thus busily;
And Heaven no sooner the angel recalls,
Than, for sorrow, his house in ruin falls.

Thus, dearest maiden, on every hand
Around thee wouldst have an angel band;
So bide with the flowers, the fragrant and gay,
And angels about thee will rule alway.

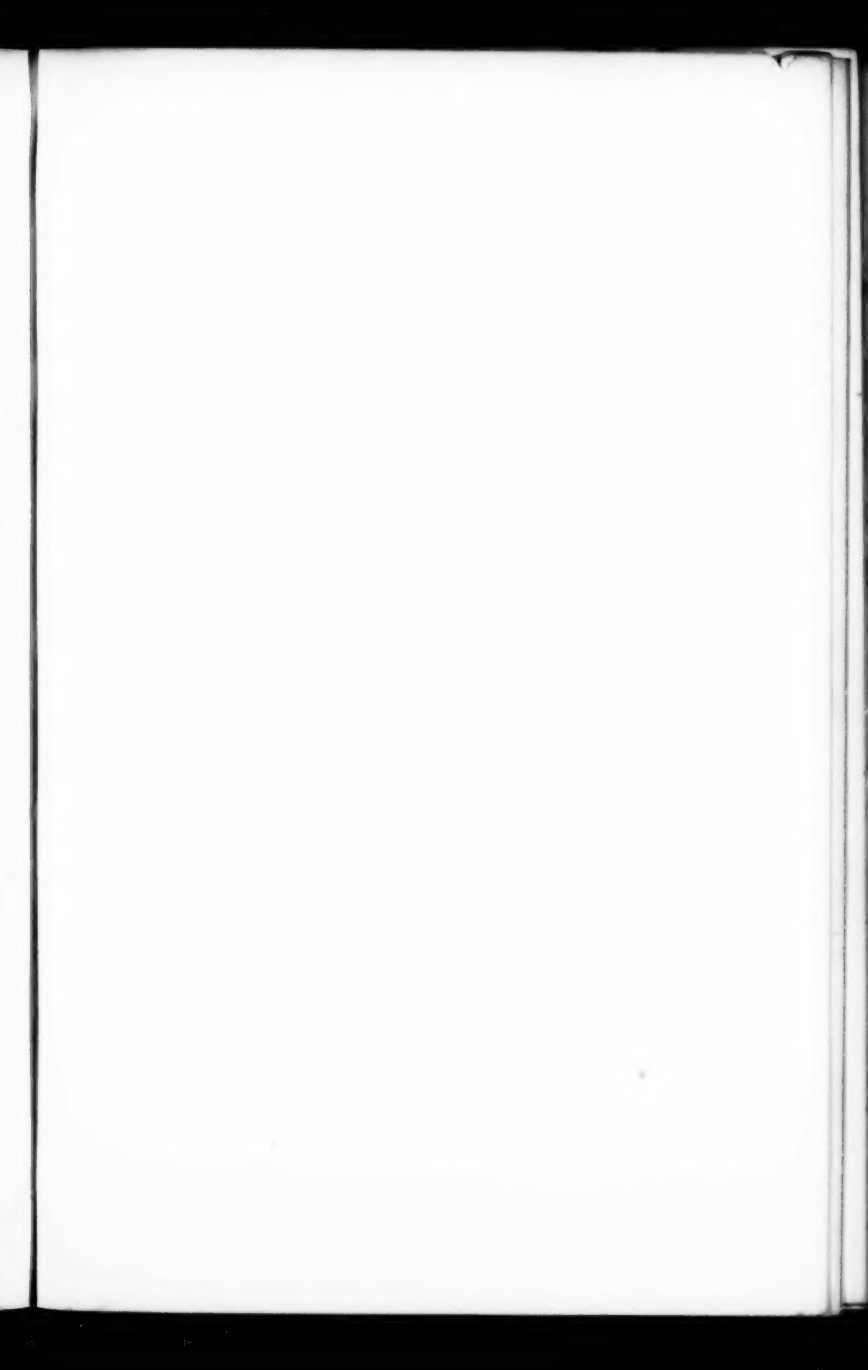
Place at thy lattice a flower, and ne'er
Will it let an evil thought enter there;
Bear on thy bosom a posy, and lo,
Wherever thou goest will angels go.

At early morn water a lily spray,
And pure as a lily thou'lt be all day;

At night on thy bed place a rose guard to keep,
And lulled by an angel on roses thou'lt sleep.

No frightful dreams can thy slumber break,
For charge o'er thee doth an angel take ;
And the dreams that he lets come to thee
No other than pleasant dreams will be.

And O, if thus guarded thou shouldst e'er
Dream of the love which to thee I bear,
Think that true and pure it needs must be,
Else kept had the angel that dream from thee.





QUEEN ESTHER.

BY E. F.

THE decree had gone forth. Letters had been sent by posts into all the provinces, to kill all Jews, young and old, in one day. And with the decree had gone forth the gold and the silver of the king to carry it into execution.

Must the offended favorite of the rich court of Ahasuerus seek and find revenge, not only in the destruction of the offender, but wreak it forth on thousands of innocent people — men, women, and children? So thought Mordecai; and he rent his clothes, put on sackcloth with ashes, and walked the streets of the rich city of Shusan, crying with a loud voice. He mourned as few ever mourn — bitter tears over the fate of a down-trodden nation. And in every province the Jews wept. They saw the day fast approaching when they should be destroyed, and all their riches given as a spoil to their murderers. Queen Esther was informed of the decree, and of the

affliction of her uncle. She remembered with woman's heart all the goodness Mordecai had bestowed upon her from earliest childhood. His wise counsels had guided her, and she forgot not how he had led her on, step by step, with all the care and solicitude of parental love; and she was also fully conscious that she owed her present affluent position mainly to his watchfulness in her behalf. Learning the rash command of the king, she sent rich raiment to Mordecai, with the request for him to put away his sackcloth. But he would not be comforted. The uplifted sword was not removed; and till that was done, nothing could stay the torrent of his grief.

The raiment returned, Esther sent Hatach, one of the king's chamberlains, to Mordecai to know more of the matter. By him, Mordecai sent a copy of the written decree to the queen. She read it, and at once saw her duty, and resolved to perform it.

She proclaimed a fast among the Jews of Shusan, and closed her reply with the noble declaration, "I will go in unto the king, which is not according to the law, and if I perish, I perish."

It required no small degree of courage to make such decision. It was no small danger she was to encounter. It might end in her banishment, and the fate of her predecessor, *Vashti*, — the beautiful, the strongly-virtuous *Vashti*, — might be her own; or death

might seal her devotion for her beloved people. To enter into the king's presence uncalled would be an offence of great magnitude against the customs, usages, and laws of the land. Should he extend his golden sceptre to her, all would be well; but should he be governed by some ill freak of the moment, some fancy leading him to consider her unsummoned appearance an infringement on his rights, evil might be the result.

Whatever the end might be, she determined to go and petition for her people, and if she perished, perish.

Had the king known that she herself was a Jewess, that the merciless command, in its execution, would bring death into his own household, he might not have granted Haman's request. Even so will all wickedness return to its originator, and the evil, man would throw upon another, fall upon himself.

On the third day, attired in her royal apparel, Queen Esther stood in the inner court, over against the king's house. How deeply must she have rejoiced as she felt the danger of her position past, and touched the golden sceptre, extended to her in token of the king's favor!

What illuminations of hope must have shone upon her path, as she heard the voice of Ahasuerus, saying to her, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther? and

what is thy request? It shall be given thee to the half of the kingdom." The prayers and fasting of the Jews had prevailed upon the Ruler of all hearts, and the first intimation of the glorious result was now seen.

The queen desired the presence of the king and Haman at a banquet on the morrow, at which request Haman was greatly rejoiced, and prided himself on the honor, which, in his selfish heart, he thought was thus bestowed upon him. But—alas for Haman and his iniquitous designs!—at this feast the king was rightly informed of his base character: with wrath he arose from the banquet, and the instrument of death which Haman had made for Mordecai became that of himself. And the order was revoked throughout all the land, and there was great joy and rejoicing in all the assemblies of the Jews.

Noble woman! Courageous in a good cause; thou triumphedst over the emissary of evil, and madest thyself a name glorious among men.

Queen Esther, standing in all thy womanly pride, with the merciless decree clasped in thy hands, resolved to do or die in the pursuit of right, thou art a pattern and an example to the people of every age, and thy success shall encourage all, who, with thy daring in a righteous cause, trust God and press onward.

SONNETS.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

I.

"AIM high! and though you fail your mark to reach,

Some quarry not to be despised you'll win!"—

Advice fair sounding, that with wordy din
Dulls the tired ear, till wakening mind impeach
Its truth, and seek for argument to teach

That often does the arrow back recoil

We shot *too* high; and find for only spoil
The soul that hurled it forth with vaunting speech.
A wall of adamant we do not see

May rise between us and the wish on high!
No middle hope—no less desire may be
Between us and the star for which we try.
They are earth-happiest, who small arrows fly
At small near toys, but never dare the sky!

II.

[*In answer to an objection that was made to the foregoing Sonnet.*]

Dear friend! I know not to unweave the thought
Whose meshes seem too tangled in thy sight:
I am not wrong; yet thou still more art right
In soul conviction, spirit wisdom fraught;
Thus much I grant. My words but idly' sought
To show *earth-happiest* they — the small-brained
crew —

With bounded wishes and aspirings few,
Who call it noon when twilight gleams are caught.
Such are the heritors of this fair earth,
Who, by the strength of numbers, hold it still.
I do not speak of other joys more worth
Which the mind martyrs upon earth may thrill,
E'en while they bleeding lie, the theme for mirth
And football for th' ignorant scoffers' will!

A FAIRY TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY E. M. R.

IN the days of chivalry, when life to the wealthy was a series of exciting enjoyments, and to the poor a hopeless slavery, a Fairy and a beautiful child lived in an old castle together. The owner of this large and neglected building had been absent on the crusade ever since the time which gave him a daughter and deprived him of a wife; but many an aged pilgrim brought occasional tidings of the glory he was winning in the distant land. At last it was said that he was wending his way homeward, and bringing with him a young orphan companion, who had risen, by dint of his own brave deeds alone, from the rank of a simple knight to be the chosen leader of thousands. The child had grown to girlhood now, and very bright upon her sleep were the dreams of this youthful hero, who was to love her and be the all of her solitary life. I said she had dwelt with the Fairy:

true, but of her presence she had never dreamed. Always invisible, the being had yet never left her. She whispered prayer in her ear as she knelt, morning and evening, in the dim little oratory ; she brought calm and happy feelings to her breast, which the commonest things awoke to joy and life ; she led her to seek and feel for the needy, the sick, and the suffering ; she nurtured in her the holiest faith in God and trust in man : yet the maiden thought she breathed all this from the summer evenings, the flowers, the swift labors of her light fingers, and the thousand things which cherished the happiness growing up within her heart. It was night, and Ada slept ; the moon's rays, gilding each turret and tower, crept in at the narrow portal which gave light to the chamber, and lingered on the sunny hair and rounded limbs of the sleeping girl. The Fairy sat by her side, weeping for the first time.

"Alas !" said she, "the stranger is coming ; thou wilt love him, my child ! and they say that earthly love is misery. Among us, we know no unrest from it ; we love, indeed, each other and all things lovely ; but ages pass on, and love changes us not. Yet they say it fevers the blood of mortals, pales the cheek, makes the heart beat, and the voice falter, when it comes ; yet it is eternal, mighty, and entrancing.

Alas! I cannot understand it! Ada, I must leave thee to other guidance than my own; I love thee more than self, still I can be no longer thy guide!"

The Fairy started; for she felt, though she heard not, that other spirits had suddenly become present. She raised her eyes, and three forms, more radiant than any fairy can be, were gazing on her in silent sadness.

"O spirits!" cried the weeper, faintly, "who can ye be?"

"The Shades of Love," replied voices so ethereally fine that a spirit's ear could hardly discern the words.

"The Shades!" repeated the Fairy, in surprise. "I thought Love was one."

"I am Love," said the three together; "intrust the untainted heart of your beloved one to me!"

"O pure beings!" cried the Fairy, bending reverently before them, "will ye indeed guide Ada to happiness, yet ask my permission? Tell me only how ye each will guide her; and grant me, though not human, to choose which a human heart would prefer."

"My name is Mind," replied the first. "When I dwell on earth, I bind together two ethereal essences; I unite the most spiritual part of each; I assimilate thought; I cause the communion of ideas. No love can be eternal without me, and with me associate

the loftiest enjoyments. Words cannot tell the rapture of love between mind and mind. Dreams cannot picture the glory of that union. Very rarely do I dwell unstained and alone in a human breast; but when I do, that being becomes lost in the entireness of its own bliss. Fairy, the lover of Ada is a hero; wilt thou accept me to reign in her heart?"

The Fairy paused, and then spoke sadly,—

"Alas, bright being! Ada is a girl of passionate and earnest feeling! Thou couldst not be happiness to her. Thou mightest, indeed, abstract her intellect in time from all things but itself; but the heart within her must first wither or die, and the death of a young heart is a terrible thing! Pardon me, but Ada cannot be thine."

"They call me Virtue," said the second spirit. "When I fill a heart, that heart can live alone. It wakes to life on seeing my shadow in the object it first loves; that object never realizes the form of which it bears the semblance, and then it turns to me, the ideal, for its sole happiness. I am associated with every thing pure, and holy, and true. Where human spirits have drawn nighest to the Eternal, I have been there to hallow them! Where the weak have suffered long without complaint; where the dying have to the last, last breath held one name

dearer than all; where innocence hath stayed guilt, and darkest injuries been forgiven,—there ever am I! Fairy, shall I dwell with Ada?"

Still sadder were the accents of the guardian Fairy.

"And is this human love?" said she. "This would be no happiness to my child, who is a mortal and a woman, and who will yearn for a closer and a dearer thing than the love of goodness alone! Erring creatures cannot love perfection as their daily food. Beautiful spirit! thou art fitted for heaven, not earth—for an angel, but not for Ada!"

Then spoke the third.

"My name is Beauty," said she. "Men unite me to imagination and worship me. Many have degraded me to the meanest things I own, because my very essence is passion; but they who know my true nature unite me with every thing divine and lovely in the world. If I fill Ada's heart when she loves, the very face of all things will change to her. The flowing of a brook will be music, the singing of the summer birds ecstacy; the early morning, the dewy evening, will fill her with strange tenderness, for a light will be on all things—the light of her love; and she will learn what it is to stay her very heart's beatings to catch the lightest step of the adored—to feel the hot blood rushing to her brow when only

he looks on her!—the hand tremble, and the whole frame thrill with exquisite rapture, and meet with delicious tremor the first look of love from a man! The rapture of my first bliss were worth ages of misery; and, pressed to the bosom of the beloved, a human spirit feels it is blessed indeed. Youth is mine, eternal youth and pleasure. Fairy, Ada must be mine!”

“Thou seemest,” said the Fairy, musingly, “to be the most suited for mortals. In thy words and emblems I see nothing but sensuality of the least material order. And to all there seemeth, too, to be a time when one clasp of the hand that is loved is more than the comprehension of the grandest thought. Beauty, I will give up my child to thee! and O, if thou canst not keep her happy, keep her pure till I return! Guard her as thou wouldst the bloom of the rose leaf, which may not bear even a breath!”

The Fairy’s voice faltered as she turned away and imprinted a kiss on the sleeper’s cheek. Ada moved uneasily, but did not awake; and in the last glance that she gave to her charge was united the form of the spirit of Beauty, folding, in motionless silence, her radiant wings over the low couch. The other Shades had fled some brief time since, and, burying her face in her slight mantle, the beautiful Fairy faded slowly away in the moonlight.

A brief time passed, and the baron had returned with his hero guest to the castle, and the beneficent being who had guarded Ada's childhood had been up and down upon the earth, cheering the sad, soothing the weary, and inspiring the fallen. Much had she seen of human suffering, yet many a great lesson had it taught her of the high destiny of mortals, and she winged her flight back to Ada's couch sanguine of her happiness. The spirit of Beauty still floated above it, but the Fairy thought that the bright form had strangely lost its first ethereality. Fevered and restless, the sleeper tossed from side to side. With trembling fear she drew near the low bed, and gazed fondly on the unconscious form. Alas! there was no peace on that face now! There was that which some deem lovelier than even beauty — passion; but to the pure Fairy the expression was terrible.

"My child! my child!" cried she in agony; "is this thy love? Better had thine heart been crushed within thee, than that thou shouldst have given thyself up to it alone! Thou hast an eternal soul, and thou hast loved without it! Thou art feeding flames which will consume the feelings they have kindled! Spirit, is this thy work?"

"Such is the love of mortals," answered the Shade. "It is ever thus; the sensual objects are but emblems

of the spirit union of another world ; yet this is never seen at first, and every impetuous soul, rushing on the threshold of life, worships the symbol for the reality—the image for the god. Fear not, Fairy ; the flame dies, but the essence is not quenched : from the ashes of Passion springs the Phoenix of Love. Ada will recover this burning dream.”

“Never !” cried the Fairy, “if she yields her heart up to thoughts like these. Thou art a fiend, Beauty—a betrayer ! Avaunt, thou most accursed ! thou hast ruined my child !”

And as she spoke, weeping bitterly, she averted her face from the Shade. All was once more still, and, her grief slowly calming, the Fairy hoped she was now alone, until, raising her eyes, she saw the being, more radiant and glorious than ever, still guarding the sleeping girl.

“Fairy,” said the Shade, sadly, “this is no fault of mine. I have ever come to the human heart with thoughts pure as the bosom of the lily and beautiful as paradise, but the nature of man degrades and enslaves me. Thou sawest how my wings were soiled and their light dimmed by the sin of even yon guileless girl, and, alas ! thousands have lived to curse me and call me demon before thee. Now, at thy bidding, I will leave Ada, and forever. She will awake, but

never again to that fine sympathy with nature, that exquisite perception of all high and holy things, I have first made her know. She will awake still good, still true; but the visions of youth quenched suddenly, as these will have been, leave a fearful darkness for the future life."

"Alas! alas!" cried the Fairy, wringing her hands, with a burst of sudden grief, "whether thou goest or remainest now, Ada must be wretched."

"Not so," returned the Shade, in a voice whose sweetness, from its melancholy, was like the wailing of plaintive music—"not so, if thou wilt otherwise. Thou hast erred: from the Shades of Love thou didst select me; and, panting as we each do for sole possession of the heart we occupy, it is impossible either separately can bring happiness to it. Each has striven for ages, but in vain. It is the union of the three, the perfect union, that alone makes Love complete."

"But will Mind and Virtue return?" asked the Fairy, doubtingly. "I bid them myself depart."

"They will ever return," said Beauty, joyfully, "even to the heart most under my sway, if desired in truth. A wish, sometimes,—fervent and truthful it must be, but still a wish,—alone often brings them."

At that moment, a hurried prayer sprang to the

Fairy's lips ; but ere it could frame itself into words, light filled the little chamber, and the three Shades of Love stood there once more, beautiful and shining.

"Mighty beings," said the Spirit, "forgive me ! Attend Ada united and forever, and I shall then have fulfilled my destiny."

"We promise," returned the Shades.

And gazing for a few moments in earnest fondness on the dreamer's happy face, the Fairy bade a last farewell to her well-loved charge.

JOSEPHINE,

EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

JOSEPHINE ROSE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE was born at Martinique on the 24th of June, 1763. At a very early age she came to Paris, where she married the Viscount Beauharnais, a man of talent and superior personal endowments, but not a courtier, as some writers have asserted, for he was never even presented at court. Beauharnais was a man of limited fortune, and his wife's dower more than doubled his income. In 1787, Madame Beauharnais returned to Martinique to nurse her aged mother, whose health was in a declining state; but the disturbances which soon after took place in that colony drove her back to France. During her absence, the revolution had broken out; and on her return, she found her husband entirely devoted to those principles upon which the regeneration of the French people was to be founded.

The well-known opinions of the Viscount Beauharnais gave his wife considerable influence with the rulers of blood, who stretched their reeking sceptre over the whole nation; and she had frequent opportunities, which she never lost, of saving persons doomed by their sanguinary decrees. Among others, Mademoiselle de Bethisy was condemned, by the revolutionary tribunal, to be beheaded; but Madame Beauharnais, by her irresistible intercession, succeeded in obtaining the life and freedom of this interesting lady. The revolution, however, devouring, like Saturn, its own children, spared none of even its warmest supporters, the moment they came in collision with the governing party, then composed of ignorant and bloodthirsty enthusiasts. The slightest hesitation in executing any of their decrees, however absurd or impracticable, was considered a crime deserving of death. Beauharnais had been appointed general-in-chief of the army of the North. Having failed to attend to some foolish order of the convention, he was cited to appear at its bar and give an account of his conduct. No one appeared before this formidable assembly, but to take, immediately after, the road to the guillotine; and such was the case with the republican general Beauharnais. He was tried and condemned, and, on the 23d of July, 1794, he was publicly beheaded at the

Place de la Révolution. Meantime, his wife had been thrown into prison, where she remained until Robespierre's death, expecting each day to be led out to execution. Having at length recovered her freedom, she joined her children, Eugene and Hortense, who had been taken care of during their mother's captivity by some true and devoted though humble friends. After the establishment of the Directory, Madame Tallien became all-powerful with the director Barras, to whom she introduced Madame Beauharnais.

Bonaparte at length became passionately attached to Madame Beauharnais, and married her on the 17th of February, 1796. She accompanied him to Italy, where by her powers of pleasing she charmed his toils, and by her affectionate attentions soothed his disappointments when rendered too bitter by the impediments which the jealousy of the directory threw in the way of his victories.

Bonaparte loved Josephine with great tenderness; and this attachment can be expressed in no words but his own. In his letters, published by Queen Hortense, it may be seen how ardently his soul of fire had fixed itself to hers, and mixed up her life with his own. These letters form a striking record. A woman so beloved, and by such a man, could have been no ordinary person.

When Napoleon became sovereign of France, after having proved its hero, he resolved that his crown should also grace the brows of Josephine.

With his own hand he placed the small crown upon her head, just above the diamond band which encircled her forehead. It was evident that he felt intense happiness in thus honoring the woman he loved, and making her share his greatness.

It was truly marvellous to see Josephine at the Tuileries, on grand reception days, as she walked through the *Gallerie de Diane* and the *Salle des Maréchaux*. Where did this surprising woman acquire her royal bearing? She never appeared at one of these splendid galas of the empire without exciting a sentiment of admiration, and of affection too; for her smile was sweet and benevolent, and her words mild and captivating, at the same time that her appearance was majestic and imposing.

She had some very gratifying moments during her greatness, if she afterwards encountered sorrow. The marriage of her son Eugene to the Princess of Bavaria, and that of her niece to the Prince of Baden, were events of which she might well be proud. Napoleon seemed to study how he could please her—he seemed happy but in her happiness.

He generally yielded to her entreaties, for the

manner in which she made a request was irresistible. Her voice was naturally harmonious, like that of most creoles, and there was a peculiar charm in every word she uttered. I once witnessed, at Malmaison, an instance of her power over the emperor. A soldier of the guard, guilty of some breach of discipline, had been condemned to a very severe punishment. Marshal Bessières was anxious to obtain the man's pardon; but as Napoleon had already given his decision, there was no hope unless the empress undertook the affair. She calmly listened to the marshal, and, having received all the information necessary, said, with her musical voice and bewitching smile,—

“I will try if I can obtain the poor man's pardon.”

When the emperor returned to the drawing room, we all looked to see the expression his countenance would assume when she mentioned the matter to him. At first he frowned, but, as the empress went on, his brow relaxed; he then smiled, looked at her with his sparkling eyes, and said, kissing her forehead,—

“Well, let it be so for this once; but, Josephine, mind you do not acquire a habit of making such applications.”

He then put his arm round her waist, and again tenderly kissed her. Now, what spell had she employed

to produce such an effect? Merely a few words, and a look, and a smile; but each was irresistible.

Then came days of anguish and regret. She had given no heir to Napoleon's throne, and all hope of such an event was now past. This wrung her heart; for it was a check to Napoleon's ambition of family greatness, and a disappointment to the French nation. The female members of Napoleon's family disliked the empress,—they were perhaps jealous of her influence,—and the present opportunity was not lost to impress upon the emperor the necessity of a divorce. At length he said to Josephine, —

“We must separate; I must have an heir to my empire.”

With a bleeding heart, she meekly consented to the sacrifice. The particulars of the divorce are too well known to be repeated here.

After this act of self-immolation, Josephine withdrew to Malmaison, where she lived in elegant retirement, unwilling to afflict the emperor with the news of her grief, and wearing a smile of seeming content which but ill veiled the sorrows of her heart. Yet she was far from being calm; and in the privacy of friendship, the workings of her affectionate nature would sometimes burst forth. But she was resigned; and what more could be required from a broken heart?

On the birth of the King of Rome, when Providence at length granted the emperor an heir to his thrones, Josephine experienced a moment of satisfaction which made her amends for many days of bitterness. All her thoughts and hopes were centred in Napoleon and his glory, and the consummation of his wishes was to her a source of pure and unutterable satisfaction.

"My sacrifice will at least have been useful to him and to France," she said, with tearful eyes. But they were tears of joy. Yet this joy was not unalloyed; and the feeling which accompanied it was the more bitter because it could not be shown. It was, however, betrayed by these simple and affecting words uttered in the most thrilling tone:—

"Alas! why am I not his mother?"

When the disasters of the Russian campaign took place, she was certainly much more afflicted than the woman who filled her place at the Tuileries. When in private with any who were intimate with her, she wept bitterly.

The emperor's abdication and exile to Elba cut her to the soul.

"Why did I leave him?" she said, on hearing that he had set out alone for Elba; "why did I consent to this separation? Had I not done so, I should

now be by his side, to console him in his misfortunes."

Josephine died at Malmaison, on the 29th of May, 1814, after a few days' illness. Her two children were with her during her last moments.

Her body was buried in the Church of Ruel. Every person of any note then at Paris attended her funeral. She was universally regretted by foreigners as well as by Frenchmen; and she obtained, as she deserved, a tribute to her memory, not only from the nation whose empress she had once been, but from the whole of Europe, whose proudest sovereigns had once been at her feet.

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